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THE ROMANCE AND REALITY OF THE LAW.

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AMONG the learned or liberal professions, the one that oftenest tempts and dazzles the youthful mind is that of the law.

This fact has its reason, and is susceptible of explanation.

The profession of the law is venerable for its antiquity, rich in the illustrious names which adorn its history, and unequalled for the aggregate of talent and eloquence which have in all ages characterized its leading members.

Far back in the dim vista of the past, the fancy of the legal enthusiast may behold the commanding form of the inspired Cicero, his toga falling gracefully about him, his eye glowing with pathetic emotion, as he stands there on the Roman forum pleading the cause of his early friend and tutor, the poet Archius.

It must be with no small degree of pride that the advocate thus traces his professional lineage back to the greatest orator of ancient times.

There is a kind of ancestral congratulation that he, too, like Cicero, is empowered to use his country's laws, when occasion requires, to defend the innocent and relieve the oppressed.

Then again there is romance connected with the practice of the law. Should every lawyer of long experience keep a journal, wherein he might detail the stories of all his clients, their strange grievances, their complicated affairs, and confidential disclosures, it would form a book only surpassed for variety and novelty by the famous 'Arabian Nights.'

The amount of heart-history with which he becomes acquainted, seems strangely in contrast with the lack of sentiment for which his character is so generally noted. He becomes familiar with domestic difficulties, disappointed affections, atrocious crimes, and daring schemes; and finds out more of the inner life of humanity than can be discovered from any other stand-point in society. His council-room is a kind of secular confessional, where clients re-

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veal reluctant secrets, and tell of private wrongs. To him, what the world is accustomed to regard as fiction, constitutes the common-place facts of his legal practice.

But in our country the more seductive phase of the law is this: it has ever been the natural avenue to political preferment and judicial honors. Hence it is that young men of fine abilities and ambitious of distinction, so frequently choose this profession as the proper field whereon to meet 'the high endeavor and the glad success.' And perhaps it is sometimes a misfortune that such a reason decides them rather than a sense of any peculiar fitness for the calling which they so hastily espouse. But of that hereafter.

Lawyers, as a class, are, or were, much respected and revered, exerting as they do a very controlling influence over society and affairs. I know full well that novels and plays abound in a certain stereotyped character called an attorney, who is made to do all the dirty work of the plot or story. He is represented usually as a cadaverous-looking individual, with a swinish propensity to thrust his nose into every one's business, who is willing to damn his soul for a fee, and whose heart is devoid of all sympathy for suffering and distress. The worst of all these human fiends is Uriah Heep, whose freckled, hairy hand, with its cold clammy touch, so often makes the reader shudder as he turns the pages of 'David Copperfield.' Then there is Oily Gammon, who figures in 'Ten Thousand a Year,' and whose qualities are very plainly suggested by his name. And among the more recent types of this character, we have the 'Marks' of Harriet Beecher Stowe, who, when asked to do a small favor, or to perform a common act of politeness without the tender of a fee, rolls out his eyes in wonderment, and to explain his refusal drawls out: '*Oh! I'm a lawyer!*' The muses too have conspired against these poor persecuted fellows; and there is extant a little poem, called, '*Law versus Saw,*' in which a very invidious comparison is sought to be made between a lawyer and that small operator in the lumber business commonly known as a sawyer. In usefulness and dignity the poet confers the palm on the vocation of the latter. The last verse sums up the whole matter thus:

'THIS conclusion then I draw,
That no exercise of jaw,
Twisting India-rubber law,
Is as good
As the exercise of paw
On the handle of a saw,
Sawing wood.'

But these pictures of law-attorneys, found so frequently in light literature, furnish the unknowing with a very erroneous estimate of the average character of the legal profession. These seeming caricatures have had, and still have originals in fact, but they are as much hated and despised by the more respectable members of the bar as by the world at large. Indeed, to a person of experience in life, there need be no argument to prove that lawyers as a body are quite as honorable, intelligent, liberal and public-spirited as the same number of men selected from any class which has a distinctive existence.

When De Tocqueville, the learned and philosophic Frenchman, came among us to study our institutions, surveyed us in our social and political aspect with his keen, analytic eye, he paid the legal profession the highest compliment, and called it the aristocracy of American society.

The popular prejudice which is sometimes manifested toward lawyers, is affected rather than really felt, and the world is, after all, disposed to give them the measure of merit they deserve; in short, to render unto Cæsar the things which are Cæsar's.

But my design is not to vindicate the profession from any charges which may have been unjustly preferred against it; a special plea of this kind is unnecessary. I choose to consider it as a sphere of action wherein the young aspirant has embarked his fortunes, and to speculate on the probable chances of his success, and the difficulties which may embarrass him in his efforts to achieve a respectable position as a member of the bar. As before indicated, there is no pursuit in life that, at a distance, appears more fascinating to the uninitiated beholder. Young men usually get their first and often only ideas of the business of an advocate by witnessing interesting trials in courts of justice. These are not unfrequently, from the matters involved, the feelings engendered, and the sympathies excited, scenes of dramatic interest and effect.

Especially do criminal proceedings attract the people to watch their progress and termination. Let a man be on trial for his life, and however depraved his nature, however friendless or obscure, his fate is made a theme of universal gossip and debate. The court-room will be crowded to its utmost capacity; and each individual spectator seems to have a personal interest in the event of the trial.

Now this multitude does not assemble on such occasions so much on account of any particular sympathy for the culprit, or any nervous anxiety for the protection of society, as it does to watch the dextrous manœuvring of ingenious counsel, and to mark when one loses a position or gains an advantage. Such an exhibition as this is a kind of intellectual gladiatorship, having none of the sanguinary horrors of brutal combat, but still possessing all its elements of fascination and excitement. The stern and dignified tone in which the public prosecutor usually opens the case for the people, speaking of the atrocity of the crime, of violated law, merited punishment, and the demands of justice and social welfare; then the pathetic appeal of the prisoner's counsel, his remarks in extenuation of the offence, and his cunning argument to convince the jury of the innocence of the accused; and lastly the grave and solemn charge of the judge, and the breathless silence of the audience; all these things conspire to produce the strongest impression upon the susceptibilities of the interested listener. After witnessing a scene of this character, is it strange that a youth, conscious of talent, of noble impulses, of ambitious hopes for the future, but as yet of wavering purpose, should leave the court-room resolved in his own mind to become a lawyer? Many, I doubt not, have been decided in their choice of a profession by this very circumstance happening to them at an early day. A choice thus hastily made may often have its origin in fancy rather than reason.

The elated young man who has attended one of these exciting trials, and admired these rare displays of genius and eloquence, does not stop to consider that actions of this character occur only at long intervals, but foolishly imagines that they make up the staple of professional duties. He pictures to himself the life of a lawyer to be one composed of a brilliant succession of forensic triumphs, interspersed, perhaps, with a Senatorial term, or a foreign mission by way of political episode. If he does not believe this to be the average experience of the bar, he at least expects no less to be meted out to him. Now, that such an idea is somewhat extravagant and fantastical, will hardly be disputed by the veteran members of this profession.

Young men seldom reflect on the peculiar qualifications necessary to make a successful advocate, or even a common attorney. That it requires a combination of faculties, not perhaps of the highest order, still of a certain species and degree of development, is a fact which they do not sufficiently consider.

If a youth have what is popularly styled 'a gift of gab,' if he have astonished a village lyceum, or shone as the valedictorian of an academic exhibition, he and his flattered parents are prone to think that it was fore-ordained and predestined from the creation of the world that he should become 'the bright particular star' of the legal firmament.

Accordingly, if he can consent to wait, he finishes his scholastic education, then enters an office, or attends, perhaps, one term at a law-school, and is shortly admitted to practise a profession whose honors he is impatient to achieve. Well, what are his chances of success? Granting that beside his gift of gab, he has a pleasing address, a legal mind, a handsome person, and the whole inventory of successful requisites, it is at least quite safe to say, that he will meet many disappointments, and endure a good deal of impatient waiting before he acquires a paying practice or any considerable reputation. He finds that his is the most discouraging profession in the world to commence. His youth is imputed to him as a crime, and he feels a painful sense of his inexperience and want of practice. The details and clerical part of his calling, unless he has served a long apprenticeship in an office, will bother and perplex him. The intricacies and artificial rules of pleadings, the quirks and quibbles of the law, are as yet almost unknown to him; but he soon finds out that these compose the light infantry of legal skirmishing. This fact, however, is well understood by older men, and hence their hesitancy to entrust their pecuniary interests to the untried skill of young attorneys. A youthful clergyman, if he be devout, and delivers even a prosy discourse in an acceptable manner, his parishioners will be delighted; his want of years enhances the praise, and he is thought almost equal to John the Baptist. In this age of medical cant and prejudice, if a new-fledged physician settles in a community, the believers in the particular school of medicine which he represents, will, despite his youth and inexperience, give him their support. Why? Simply because they had rather be killed by an allopathist than cured by a homeopathist, or the reverse, as the case may be. Whoever is of the favorite school gets the practice. Not so of the law. It is divided into no creeds or schools, and affords little opportunity for pretence or quackery.

The lawyer, above all other men, is dependent entirely on public patronage, and to command it he must rely for the most part on his own individual merit.

When he first opens an office, unlike the merchant, advertising in the newspapers is of little avail, and the novelty of his name has no charm to those in pursuit of legal advice and assistance. Of such it is emphatically true: 'By their works shall ye know them.' Hence, a young lawyer's first clients, after he has any, naturally distribute themselves into three classes: *First*, those who go to law for the luxury of the thing; and have such petty grievances that older lawyers would not undertake their investigation; *second*, those who have been sued, have no defence, yet wish to defend to gratify their malice, and of course wish to have it done at the cheapest rates; *third*, a few who have good causes of action, or good defences, but who have not got the money to retain old and experienced counsel.

The clients enumerated in the first two classes do very little to help the tyro in the law to acquire a coveted reputation; and the last, though they sometimes give him fame, do not perceptibly increase his finances; and with many, increase of finance is made the index of success.

What if the young lawyer, whose chief qualification is as Carlyle would say, that he could 'wag the tongue with dextrous acceptability,' finds, alas! no occasion for its wagging? Perhaps he is sitting in his office, waiting impatiently for a murder-trial; or if he be of a sentimental turn, he would prefer to commence an action in behalf of some fair client for breach of promise, coupled with seduction. In fancy he has already rehearsed to himself what he would say to the jury in a case of the latter description, and in his mind's eye he sees those twelve susceptible men all bedewed with tears at the story of the poor girl's wrongs.

How touchingly he speaks of broken hearts and blighted affections, of hope's bright star that set in darkness and left a midnight in the soul. Then he talks of man's inconstancy, treachery and perfidious vows; comes down with withering invective on the character of the base seducer, until he imagines the indignant twelve are about to leave their seats and inflict summary justice on the pale and trembling defendant; but he graciously bids them forbear! And ah! how felicitous in his poetical quotations! In his delicate allusion to the unhappy sequel of the affair, he says in the tenderest pathos: 'She loved not wisely but too well.'

When he confesses the inability of the law to make any thing like ample reparation for the deep, the lasting injury inflicted upon the character and reputation of his client, and of the black despair which clouds her future, he recites those affecting lines of Goldsmith, commencing:

'When lovely woman stoops to folly,
And finds too late that men betray,' etc.;

and thus proceeds till the lachrymose propensities of the twelve bid fair to dissolve them into a sea of tears. He closes by dilating on the moral heroism of the unfortunate girl, reminding them that the seducer's victim, stung to madness by her mingled sense of shame and wrong, too often swallows the subtle poi-

son, plunges the cold steel into her bosom, or leaping from some high cliff in the darkness of the night, buries her sorrows in the silent waters below; but here is one who has had the courage to come into a court of justice, and ask timidly for the poor inadequate remedy which the law may furnish for so deep a wrong.

He may, perhaps, somewhat jar the sentimental harmonies of his eloquence, by stating before he closes that the complainant names ten thousand dollars as the estimated damage sustained by his client, and suggests this as a very proper sum to insert in their verdict. Now, in his fancy, this dreaming young lawyer sits down amid a hum of subdued applause that comes from the sympathetic crowd; his fair client, who has wept opportunely through his whole speech, looks upon him with the tenderest gratitude; the judge even smiles approval, and he feels himself—oh! joy ineffable!—the most eloquent advocate in the land!

But this is a triumph won oftener in the field of the imagination than in the ordinary course of professional experience. Happily for society, the human conscience, fear of justice, the honor of men and the virtue of women, make murders and seductions of much less frequent occurrence than they should be to serve the purposes of ambitious advocates. These cases hardly suffice to distribute among the older members of the bar, while the supply is totally inadequate to meet the wants of the younger aspirants for forensic fame. The young lawyer who has hoped to make his *débüt* with such a case may have to wait longer for the opportunity than human patience can endure. Perhaps his first suit will be to collect an account of a retail grocer, wherein the opposing attorney will compel him to prove each particular charge in the bill, item by item, amounting in all most likely to less than three dollars. In the course of the trial there may be the most prolonged dispute as to whether a pound of tea was sold and delivered, as alleged, by the plaintiff; and the amount of cross-questioning and conflicting evidence on this point may occupy the parties and counsel for the space of four hours. The event of this important suit, probably entitled *Smith vs. Jones*, discloses the fact that Jones had no defence, that Smith recovers a judgment after a protracted siege, and finds out what he knew before, that Jones, being a poor devil, the execution cannot be collected.

This petty litigation in Justice's Court may seem contemptible, and should be discouraged; still young lawyers are called upon to conduct it, and if they be poor and unacquainted, they cannot well refuse, but will undertake these causes, not only for the small pittance which they may receive, but as a means of becoming known in their legal character. The insignificant facts and interests involved in these issues, of course, afford very little basis for the display of rhetoric, or the play of the fancy, and he who could shine as an orator would be disgusted with the meanness of his theme. In such practice as this, a tolerable acquaintance with the rules of evidence, a way of cross-questioning a witness with a loud voice, but with no other purpose except to abuse him, a kind of native tact and low cunning, are far surer elements of success than any combination of the higher faculties, or a thorough knowledge of the whole scope, policy and philosophy of the law. Thus a pettifogger on the wrong side

of a small case, stands a much better chance of winning before a jury than a learned and honorable counsellor. The first will stoutly insist on a proposition, the absurdity of which he cannot himself understand; while the latter would be embarrassed by his knowledge of the truth, and a sense of his humiliating position.

In fact, even upon the right side, the ablest counsel do not always succeed. The late Thomas Noon Talfourd, better known to us as a brilliant essayist, and as the author of 'Ion,' than as a skilful advocate and learned judge, once lost a case in which he had set his heart upon success.

It was a criminal prosecution in one of the English courts against a respectable London publisher, for issuing a complete edition of Shelley's works.

The indictment charged the defendant generally with publishing a malicious libel, tending to bring the Christian religion and the holy Scriptures into disrepute and contempt. The action was instituted on the complaint of a mean and unprincipled publisher of immoral works, who had himself justly suffered the penalty of the law, and wished it meted out to those who had violated neither its letter nor spirit. The charge against Talfourd's client had no foundation in fact, and could not have been even within the English statute. There was of course an eminent propriety in Talfourd defending this case, inasmuch as he was equally celebrated as an eloquent advocate, and known throughout the realm as a man of letters. He appreciated this aspect of his position, and acquitted himself proudly. His speech on the occasion was a model of classic grace and eloquence, abounding in passages of rare beauty, replete with logic, and though somewhat encumbered with ornament, full of unanswerable conclusions. He eulogized the genius of Shelley, and illustrated it by the most appropriate and fanciful figures; lamented the author's early theological errors, spoke of his natural tendency to piety, and the spotless purity of his brief life. By comparing the obnoxious passages from Shelley's works charged in the indictment, with quotations selected from the immortal epic of Milton, he showed that the latter were open to the same censure, and their publisher liable to the same prosecution. He urged that if they found the defendant guilty, they would establish a precedent exposing the vendors of the old English classics to a like penalty, and make it a crime to sell or loan a copy of the sweet bard of Avon.

Well, what was the result of this brilliant effort? The sequel was, that Talfourd lost his case, beaten probably by a third-rate lawyer. His speech remains to us a splendid literary production, but it was of little avail to his mortified client. Why did Talfourd, with a theme so well suited to his special qualifications, fail to get a favorable verdict? Simply because he dared to rise above the comprehensions of the 'gentlemen of the jury.'

Hence we perceive that polish, refinement, and the higher flights of imagination may sometimes be put forth for success, and only insure a failure. And if the young aspirant for legal honors should perhaps disappoint the hopes of his admiring friends, it by no means proves that he lacks those rare and brilliant qualities which first induced him to enter the profession. He may really be above his calling; or rather want some of the lower requisites of its more

fortunate votaries. Thus what is called the office-business of a lawyer, the drafting of contracts and common pleadings, the proceedings in legal collections, though they afford a liberal compensation, require very little talent or consummate ability, more than is implied in careful attention to details, and a patience to do an interminable amount of prosy copying. Still these things must be done, and be done well; and by the performance of these duties the beginner must become established in practice. It may be a humble kind of work, but it involves the material interests of men, and to blunder or misadvise in its prosecution is almost fatal to the lawyer's success. Hence, is it strange that all are not qualified to pass through that critical ordeal by which an attorney first makes the acquaintance of clients? And though the writer disclaims any intention of magnifying the difficulties of the profession, still let it be known that throughout the whole field of human endeavor, there cannot be found a more pitiable object of compassion than a young attorney, poor, unknown, without friends or influence, who has just opened an office in a strange town, and has commenced waiting, as Micawber would say, for something 'to turn up.' Saxe's poem of the 'Briefless Barrister' contains a melancholy pathos that cannot be concealed by its playful humor.

For months, or more likely years, the calls of clients, like the visitations of angels, are few and far between; and unless aided by some fortuitous circumstance, the most gifted and meritorious lawyer must endure a long prelude of patient waiting, before he enters upon the stage of forensic triumph. By slow degrees and painful effort is a legal practice established and reputation won. Still, 'what man has done man can do,' and after the lapse of from ten to fifteen years, those legal adventurers who have not fainted by the way-side generally secure a paying business, and a few attain to eminence in their profession. As Talfourd, in an elegant essay on the same subject, has said: 'A barrister can scarcely hope to begin a career of anxious prosperity till after thirty; and surely he who has attained that age, after a youth of robust study and manly pleasure, with firm friends and an unspotted character, has no right to complain of the world.'

I propose now to consider the legal profession, more particularly as a social and political element. In this aspect it may be considered the great conservative power of society. Lawyers, from the force of habit, their manner of thinking, and devotion to precedent, are constitutionally opposed to innovation and change. *Stare decisis* is the great maxim of their lives, and *in statu quo* their most progressive motto. One of the worst effects of legal practice is to make the advocate lose faith in humanity. He sees much of human character, but to him it oftenest presents its darkest side and ugliest phases. He is too apt to believe the depravity of man innate and natural, allowing of no cure, and beyond the reach of reform. Full of sympathy for human weakness and frailties, he does not wish to remove them so much as to keep them restrained within the decent proprieties of life and rules of law. The studies and experiences of the legal practitioner also have the effect to purge his mind of all morbid influences and sickly sentimentality; and he is seldom heard advocating the absurd and extravagant doctrines of the day. He can easily become an old fogey, but

can with difficulty be transformed into a radical. Convince his reason by ar-
gular proof, and he is with you; unfold to him your darling theory, which has
not as yet been tested, he will laugh at your enthusiasm, and ask you to *cite a*
casè. Thus we have a large and influential class of men who are made by
force of circumstances the heavy ballast in the ship of state, the grand coun-
terpoise which regulates those wild and distracting elements which sometimes
threaten the safety of our society.

Their conservatism may be only senseless inertia in many, still, as a whole,
they play a most salutary and important part in checking the mad career of
rampant reformers, born too long before their time.

The chronic aversion which a majority of the profession entertain to depart-
ing from the ancient landmarks which their fathers have established, operates
as a clog to the progressive movements of the age. Old lawyers object to legal
reforms, because they very naturally prefer the time-honored system to learning
a new practice in which they have had no more experience than the more
youthful members of the bar. Their ideas have run so long in the rut of pre-
cedent, that they cannot be diverted to meet the wants of a changing society,
and adapt themselves to the reforms of a more enlightened age. What may
be an offspring of barbarism, they often look upon as the wisdom of centuries.
Then, again, many regard the law as a dextrous foil to thrust or parry with, as
occasion requires, and never dream that it may serve the great ends of humanity
and public benefaction.

Let us now take a glance at the present aspect of this profession, and com-
pare it, in point of ability, character and accomplishments, with what it was in
the earlier days of our Republic.

Not many months gone by, two of the brightest stars in the galaxy of
legal talent dropped from their places, and left it almost in utter darkness.
Rufus Choate and Nicholas Hill were, at the periods of their decease, conced-
edly the ablest representatives of their profession. Choate, as a brilliant ad-
vocate and exemplar of forensic eloquence, a lawyer who sweetened his judi-
cial acquirements with the amenities of art, literature and science, was without
a rival in the Union; Hill, as a profound jurist, a subtle analyzer of legal
principles, an enthusiastic delver in the mines of precedent, and a logician that
carried conviction to the minds of the bench, was without a compeer in the an-
nals of the bar. Both have passed away, and their loss creates the same per-
manent vacancy in the bar that the death of Webster and Clay occasioned in
the Senate.

But if we take a more extended view of the legal fraternity of to-day, and
judge of it as a whole, and not by its most distinguished votaries, it will ap-
pear, I think, that the average character and ability of this class of men have
essentially deteriorated during the last thirty years.

The law was once reckoned among the learned professions, but it is less
worthy that rank now than formerly. In the days of Wirt, Pinckney, Otis
and Henry; and later, when Marshal, Kent and Story shed a dazzling lustre
over the profession they adorned, it must have been something of an honor to
have been a member of the bar in good standing. Now the titles of attorney

and counsellor give no particular prestige to their possessor, and they are no longer suggestive of the same admirable qualities that were implied by them in former times. It is not a very great achievement to get admitted to practice now, but the labor requisite to become a good lawyer can never be diminished. Years ago, the legal student was required to pass through a preparatory course of seven years, studying the classics four and the law three years. He was then admitted as an attorney, and after three years' actual practice, took the degree of counsellor.

The discipline and thorough training which this long term of study involved, necessarily imparted something like adequate qualification to the youngest practitioner, and inspired a kind of confidence in his first clients. But how is it now? Lawyers are made with quite as much facility as doctors, and both can get a license to bleed people for about the same sacrifice of time and money.

Six months or a year spent in a law-office has now become the average preparation made by those ambitious for the honor of the bar. Law students who can draw a chattel mortgage and fill up a blank complaint on a promissory note, are apt to think they have mastered the sublime mysteries of the science, and are anxious to receive retaining fees, and look out for costs. Then, again, not a few enter the profession because they regard their legal title as a badge of gentility, and believe the practice a life of ease and leisure. Many enter it, as before suggested, as a mere prelude to political honors, and some pervert it into a licensed method of picking pockets. And when there is such a general stampede among young men from honest, manual labor and productive industry, of course there is a precipitate rush at the legal profession; and it may yet come to pass that every man will be his own lawyer.

But this state of things is not unfortunate for the old lawyers, because the dullest tyro in his profession will provoke a little litigation if he have any friends or relatives, and experienced counsel is likely to get one side of it, and generally the best side. On the other hand, clients will not suffer largely from the inexperience of young attorneys, for they will not entrust them with important suits until they have given public proof of their talent and professional skill. So it happens, that although admission to the bar is made very easy, the attainment of eminence there, or the securing of a lucrative practice, was never more difficult than at present. When the law becomes a kind of Botany Bay for those whose indolence and ignorance banish them from more exclusive pursuits, it must lose something of its former prestige and honorable distinction. It becomes the fit subject of the keen satire contained in the fancied address of a judge to a class of students just admitted to the bar. The language of the dignitary of the Bench was as follows:

'Young gentlemen, I need not detain you longer; you are perfect. But I will dismiss you with a few words of advice that you will do well to follow. You will find it laid down as a maxim of civil law, never to kiss the maid when you can kiss the mistress as well. Follow out this principle, young gentlemen, and you are safe! Never say, boo! to a goose when she has the power of laying golden eggs. Let your faces be long and your bills longer. Never put

your hand into your own pocket when any body's else is handy. Keep your conscience for your own private use, and do n't trouble it with other people's matters. Look wiser than an owl, and be as oracular as a town-clock. Plaster the judge and butter the jury. And above all things, young gentlemen, get money! Honestly if you can — *but get money!* I welcome you to the bar.' This advice is of the character best suited to the tastes and capacity of a large class of young men from which the profession is yearly recruited.

Once it was customary for students to pay distinguished lawyers considerable sums for the privilege of remaining in their offices and being instructed in the principles of the law. And on certain days these counsellors delivered lectures to their pupils, and conducted their legal education in a becoming manner. These facts show that the preliminary training and preparatory discipline of young men designing to enter the profession in those times, was in some degree proportionate to its duties and exigencies, and resulted in latter years in producing those able lawyers and profound jurists who have been the pride of our young Republic. The popular law-schools of the present day are doing much to rescue the legal profession from the low estate to which it is inevitably tending. These institutions confer degrees, teach the law as a science, and inspire the student with a proper sense of the dignity and responsibility of his chosen pursuit. For the law, if rightly comprehended, is the noblest and most beneficent of the sciences. Its origin is divine; it aims to secure justice to all, to protect life, liberty and property, to punish crime, regulate the multifarious affairs of society, and in its more extended range to establish the rules of government and preside over the intercourse of nations.

As the solar system and all the starry worlds of God's illimitable universe discharge their various functions in accordance with some fixed and inscrutable plan, so all civilized society, institutions, communities and governments, are continued and sustained by virtue of human laws, which regulate and control their individual and relative action. Annihilate the laws of nature, and chaos would ensue. Abolish all time-sanctioned customs, constitutions and statutes, and the world would be a pandemonium. Thus, law being a social and political necessity, there must always be a class of men whose business is, to understand, apply and interpret it when occasion demands. He who does this, assumes a high and important trust. A good lawyer, therefore, should be a good man. He should be a man of pure and lofty spirit, of strict integrity and unsullied honor, who loves truth and justice; adding to all these a thorough knowledge of the principles and practice of his profession. Such a man can be of vast service to his fellows, do many a noble and generous deed, be admired for his legal talent, and be respected for his moral worth and personal character. But a mean and unprincipled lawyer is a most dangerous member of society; his knowledge of and right to use the law, increase his capacity for doing mischief, and serving his own private ends. His clients are at his mercy; the widow and orphan the victims of his rapacious villainy!

The writer would not say one word against any one entering the pale of the bar, if he do it understandingly, with no extravagant notions of sudden success, with the requisite qualifications, and a willingness to forego many of the

pleasures and enjoyments of life, in steadfast devotion to his chosen profession. He should not enter it as a mere stepping-stone to political preferment, for that is prostituting the calling to a foreign purpose. He should not do it as a means of amassing wealth; for as Henry Clay once said: 'It is usually the fate of the American lawyer to work hard, live high, and die poor.' Not to gratify a lofty ambition merely, for an advocate seldom acquires a national reputation, and never an enduring fame. And, above all, he should not regard the profession as a comfortable refuge from manly, hard-fisted toil on the farm or in the work-shop, thinking his legal title confers upon him any particular honor or exclusive privilege. If he imagines the name of counsellor invests him with any peculiar sanctity, or exempts him from any of the incidents of our common humanity, he would do well to ponder on the reflection of Hamlet in the church-yard. The young Prince of Denmark, as he watches the two clowns digging a grave, perceives that they are throwing up skulls from the excavation, and tossing them about with as little ceremony as if they were foot-balls. He picks one up, and holding it on the palm of his hand, says in that fine vein of philosophical musing for which his character is noted: 'There is another; why may not that be the skull of a lawyer? Where be his quiddits now, his quillets, his cases, his tenures and his tricks? Why does he suffer this rude knave to knock him about the sconce with a dirty shovel, and will not tell him of his action battery?'

AN INDIAN HYMN.

'Oh! soft falls the dew, in the twilight descending,
And tall grows the shadowy hill on the plain;
And night o'er the far-distant forest is bending,
Like the storm-spirit dark o'er the tremulous main!'

'Is it the low wind through the wet billows rushing,
That fills with wild numbers my listening ear?
Or is some hermit-rill, in the solitude gushing,
The strange-playing minstrel whose music I hear?'

'Great SPIRIT OF GOOD, whose abode is the heaven,
Whose vawpurn of peace is the bow in the sky,
Wilt THOU give to the wants of the clamorous raven,
Yet turn a deaf ear to my piteous cry?'

UTTERANCES OF ALALCOL.

AN INDIAN POET.

BY HENRY R. SCHOOLCRAFT

THE WHIPPWIL: CHORUS OF INDIAN BOYS.

'WHIPPWIL, whippowil, flying about,
Why do you swoop to the earth with a shout?
Is it a war-whoop, defiant in tone,
For actions threatened, or doing or done?
Then why not lead us away to the lines
Where the base foemen are plotting designs,
Lurking in thickets unknown and unseen :
Tell me, my busy birds, what do you mean ?

'Ah ! now I hear you adown in the bush
Where lately caroled the robin and thrush ;
Singing so lonely : 't is mid-night and past,
While you are sending your song on the blast,
Notes so convulsive and gloomy withal,
That they are sorrow's or constancy's call.
'T is not the warrior prowling for prey,
But a bemoaning and sobbing *equay* ;*
Singing all night long — alack and a-day !
Where has he gone to, and why does he stay ?

'Whippowil, whippowil, why do you weep —
Breaking night's stillness and banishing sleep ?
Soon the loved being whose absence you mourn,
Will with a trophy in triumph return :
Is he a brother, a friend, or *nabain*,†
He will come back with a garland of fame.
All our young voices will join in the song
That shall reëcho your chieftain along.'

ABORIGINAL NOMENCLATURE.

SENECAS.

THE name of this tribe has often been a subject of inquiry, without leading to any satisfactory answer. How the name of a Roman moralist and philosopher should have been transferred to a North-American Indian tribe, is as much a mystery to-day as it could have been when Hendrik Hudson sailed through the Highlands.

In a map of Nova Belgica, published at Amsterdam in 1654, this tribe are called Sinnecars. In Lawson's Travels in South-Carolina in 1700, they are called Sinnekers. They call themselves Ondawaga, or People of the Hill, in relation to a myth by which they trace their origin to a hill on Canandaigua

* The name of a female in Chippewa.

† Nabain — husband in Algonguin.

Lake. The French, who were the first European nation that visited them inland, called them Sonontouans, or Rattle-snakes. When they referred to them as one of the Six Nations, they were called, along with the other tribes, by the generic name of Iroquois. Their present name is the apparent result of the English pronunciation and syllabication of a nickname. When the Senecas, who were always a very warlike people, visited the Dutch at Albany, the first thing they inquired for of the traders was vermilion to paint their faces in war. The Dutch call this article cinnabar. No Seneca or Iroquois can pronounce the letter B, and in repeating the word they substituted the sound of K or C hard. In this way they drew upon themselves the nickname of Sinnekers.

G E N E V A .

THE ancient name of the precinct now called Geneva, according to the Rev. Samuel Kirkland, is Kanadasegea. The Iroquois term Kanada, first enunciated to Cartier, on visiting Hochelaga in 1534, denotes primarily an edifice or mechanical structure. In the name under consideration, it means the council-house at the site of the council-fire or seat of government. This site is still known as the Old Castle. The lake was named from the geographical position and character of the national council-house, and its meaning may be not inaptly termed the Lake of the Council-Fire.

T H E H U D S O N R I V E R .

NONE of the terms at first given by the Dutch to this stream have been retained in popular use, except North River, a synonym. The Indians called it Moheganittuck, that is, Mohegan River. The band located at Tappansea called that expanse Shatamuck, or Swan-Water, a term which the river-Indians appear sometimes to have applied to the whole stream, but which was particularly appropriated to the river below the Highlands. The Iroquois called it Cahoatatea, which means the valley below the Cohoes Falls.

N E V E R S I N K .

NAWA, in the Mohegan dialect of the Algonquin, means half-way or midland. The particle *ink* in the same dialect, is a local inflection denoting the prepositional senses of at, by, in. The observer standing on the Neversink mountain beholds the Atlantic Ocean on one side and Raritan Bay on the other. This is the descriptive character of the term Nawasink, which has been corrupted by English pronunciation.

S I N G - S I N G .

THE Manhattanese name for a rock or a stone is *Ossin*. The local inflection is made in *ing*. The term Ossining, a place of rocks, is a graphic description of the locality.

M A N H A T T A N .

By far the most striking local disturbance in the system of waters around the city of New-York is the channel at Hell-Gate. In the Indian language of the tribe formerly occupying the Island, the name of a channel is 'Autan' or 'Autun.' The monosyllable *mon* or *man* is the derogative or adjective term,

signifying a bad quality. By adding the ordinary local inflection in *ing*, this phenomenon was accurately described. The Indian band living on the island derived their title from this channel of the river or whirlpool. The idea perpetuated was the bad whirling or dangerous channel vortex or whirlpool, a term which the Dutch gave full significance to by calling it *Hallegat*, or Hell-Gate.

CROTON.

This word is the Dutch and English adopted pronunciation of the name of an Indian chief called Tempest, who had his lodge on the point of land made by the embouchure of the Croton into the Hudson. *Notin*, its radix, is the Mohekander name for a strong wind. A quite different term was applied to a mild or soft wind, or for a breeze or a zephyr.

POUGHKEEPSIE.

On ascending the Hudson, after getting through the Highlands, a direct course is open for about ten miles to Poughkeepsie. A canoe with an aft-wind might be in peril here, before reaching the inlet or shelter of Fall River, which drops from high ground within a short distance of the Hudson. This sheltering cove is called *Apokeepsing*. In adopting this word, the short sound of *a* with the local inflection, *ing*, have been dropped.

KINGSTON.

THE Wallkill was, from the earliest times, the general highway of communication between the Delaware and Hudson rivers. Through this channel the Wolf tribe of the Lenno Lenapees emigrated into the Hudson valley. Their principal village and earliest trading-town was at the present site of Kingston. The aboriginal name of the place appears to have been Sepus or Sopus. Sepe, in this tongue, means a river. The Dutch called the place appropriately Wiltwick, which carries the meaning of Indiania. There is an ancient pictograph on the rocks at the mouth of the Wallkill, which appears to denote the introduction of the gun among the Indians, which may date back to 1609.

MINNISINK.

MINNIS in the Indian tongue quoted, is the name for an island; and the penultimate *ink* carries the prepositional senses of at, in, by, on. It is the common local syllable for the Indian noun.

COXSACKIE.

THE orthography of this word has a Dutch smack, but it is entirely Indian. Kux, in the Indian, is the indicative of the verb, to cut. Ackee, in the same language, is the term for earth. The channel of the Hudson above this place is deflected to the opposite shore, which it reaches and presses against at a high diluvial bank of clay and gravel, which it undermines, and anciently formed falling-in or cut bank. This is the feature described by the term *Cuxakee*.

NORMAN'S KILL.

THIS stream, after passing through the county, from the mountain-range of the Helderberg, enters the Hudson river about two miles below the city of Albany. At this point there is a truncated elevation or natural mound, which

was used by the Indians from the earliest known date as a burial-place or cemetery. This ancient and sacred monument bore the name of Tawasentha, a name which they afterward uniformly applied to the stream.

ALBANY.

THE earliest Indian name applied to the site of this city is a question not satisfactorily settled. The Mohawks occupied the island, as a summer-camp, and raised corn there. A portage-path led from the Mohawk river, through a dry sandy plain to the Hudson river at this point. This foot-path passed through a pine forest, and was called Skenekteta—a term meaning a path through the pine forest. But when its eastern terminus on the Hudson river was meant, the penultimate syllable was changed to *ea*, denoting a river, with all its drift-materials, or valley: a sense which it has in the name of Cahootatea. In the Mohawk language, *ske* carries the prepositional sense of through; *nek* is the name of a pine-tree; so that the name appears to describe the river or valley through or beyond the pine-trees. If the speaker stood on the Hudson, looking west, the name was almost equally applicable to the Mohawk river; and this change in the location of the word was actually made when the site of the eastern terminus was named by executive or legislative direction, in honor of the Duke of Albany.

THE INDIAN HUNTER AND HIS DOG.

A CHIPPEWA hunter with his dog had passed over a wide extent of country and found nothing. On ascending an eminence, being tired, he sat down on a small rock to rest. His dog had not even scented the track of an animal. 'Master,' said the dog to him, 'we have hunted these many days without finding any thing to eat. We are both tired and hungry. I have observed that white men keep animals in inclosures, and when they are hungry, kill a sheep, a hog, or a cow, without the fatigue of hunting them.'

'True,' replied the hunter, 'but the white man is a slave to his animals; he must raise food and build shelters for them during the winter, while we have only our traps to set or draw our bows, and we live an independent life.'

'We certainly are independent!' said the dog, while every rib in his body could be counted, and his master was equally famished; 'but methinks we pay for our freedom very dearly, in hunger and misery. To me it seems that you, my master, prefer liberty with want, to plenty with labor.'

MYEENGAN AND ANIMOOS; OR, THE WOLF AND THE DOG.

A HUNGRY wolf met a dog one day in the woods, and said to him: 'How well you look! you seem to have had something to eat every day, while I am famished.' 'Fidelity,' answered the dog, 'is the cause of my being well fed; my master gives me something to eat almost every day, and when he does not, I know that he suffers the want of food as well as myself; and, therefore, I am not displeased.' 'I,' said the wolf, 'live a starving life. I am obliged to live by my wits, and a wretched life I have of it. The deer is too nimble-footed for me to catch him alone, and I seldom have friends enough to hunt in

packs, so that we may divide our party and waylay him. I should like to live the regular life you lead.' 'Come along,' said the dog wagging his tail, 'and I will teach you how we live.' So they ran along together, and just at night-fall reached the dog's kennel. The wolf behaved very quietly and submissively. But being a rascal in his heart, he purposed to deceive. Before they reached the kennel he observed a flock of sheep going down to an inclosure. Affecting to assimilate with dog life, he laid down crouchingly in the kennel till midnight. Then getting up softly, he went to the inclosure of the sheep, and seizing one of the lambs by the neck, threw it over his shoulder, and ran off to the woods.

THE CRANE AND BEAVER.: AN ALLEGORY OF CIVILIZATION.

A CRANE one day took his bow and arrows, and went out to hunt. After walking a long time in the forest, and finding nothing to kill, he at last came into a valley, where he sat down to rest; not far from a beaver-pond. Taking his pipe from his smoking-pouch, he indulged himself in meditation, while the light fumes rose gracefully up to the clouds. An old beaver observing this from his position in the pond, walked out on the shore, and said to him: 'Nosa, you live a very easy life, while I am obliged to labor very hard to keep from starving.' 'True,' replied the crane, 'but remember that your ancestors always thought themselves wiser than the cranes, because they could gnaw down trees, and build houses and dams, where they could collect the trunks and limbs of trees, and live by eating the bark, while we were compelled to pick up a living hither and yon in the streams and marshes. The beaver king, when he came from the court of Manobosho, told his people that they should live in a fixed place, and dam up the streams to collect food. But you wear out your teeth and exhaust your strength in this regular labor, and are just as liable as we are to be tracked by the hunter, and shot by the arrows of Pauguk.' 'If I,' replied the beaver, 'spend much time and labor to get food and shelter for my family, there is a solid enjoyment in this; while the cranes are as proud as my ancestors were, and although living a little higher in the air, and flying up the valleys, scream with delight on finding a poor craw-fish, frog, or minnow along the shore, and then fly away to starve in their retreats, occasionally fluttering their crown feathers, or flapping their wings in the spirit of pride.'

THE BLUE JAY AND WOODPECKER; AN ALLEGORY.

A WOODPECKER said one day to a blue jay, 'How do you get such a reputation? I should like to learn your art, for with every endeavor I find it hard to get a name, or to make a good living.' '-Ha, ha!' cried the blue jay, 'it is by making a noise with my voice that I prevail; people suppose that where there is such a verbal strain and torrent of sounds, there must be some sense. I always light on the topmost boughs; never sit long in a place; scream as loud as I can, and by continually flitting about, and showing my feathers, produce the idea that I am very wise, as well as a very active and valuable bird. While you always light on dry trees, where there is nothing to shade you, and toil with a sort of mechanical industry, making sounds that are not only

monotonous but not at all musical. The truth is,' continued the jay, 'I am a talker, a blusterer, a stormer; my father and mother were talkers, blusterers, and stormers. I take the ear of people, not like you with a peck, peck, peck! but by a flourish of sounds.' 'Heigho!' answered the woodpecker, 'I should never get a living by such a life. I am, as you see by the red paint on my head, a warrior; and the animals I hunt are so deeply down in the trunks of old trees that I am obliged to plunge in my war-like bill after them, and my daily pecking is my war-whoop.'

ANCHISES TO APHRODITE.

Come, O my princess! lay thy cheek to mine,
Thine full and fair;
Unbind thy tresses; let them intertwine
With my dark, dew-damp hair.
Coiled up like serpents in their golden gloss,
Spring them upon my head from out their circled boss.

Thine arm lies o'er me like an angel's wing,
Whiter than snow.
My heart's wild strength holds thy heart fluttering,
And will not let it go.
My lips to thine, thy lips to mine are pressed,
As if in love's sweet labor only there were rest.

I drink thy breath—better than Lydian wine:
Through all my soul
I feel its influence, gentle yet divine,
And own its sweet control.
Thine eyes, like violets, draw their dews from heaven,
And glisten with the light of love received and given.

Oh! could'st thou always lie as thou dost now,
In one long dream,
With all thy midnight beauty round thy brow,
And this soft-coming gleam
Of light supernal lingering on thy bloom,
I'd cling to thee for aye, and cheat the famished tomb.

TO PIKE'S PEAK AND DENVER.

BY THOMAS W. KNOX.

READER, were you ever at Pike's Peak? If you have visited that auriferous and Indian-iferous region, where whiskey and white men, sure evidences of civilization, have but recently been introduced, you may read these pages to learn how the author's experience compares with your own. If you have unwisely staid at home when 'out west' is a land covered knee-deep with huge 'nuggets,' you may now, without leaving your sofa or easy-chair, journey with me seven hundred miles over the 'sea of grass and sand' between the Missouri river and the Rocky Mountains, to the Central Dorado of our continent. Packing up a few rough garments, among which woollen shirts form the most important item, we bid adieu to Lucy and the children, and betake ourselves to one of the several out-fitting points on the Missouri river. Omaha, St. Joseph, Atchison, Leavenworth and Kansas City, will each be represented by interested property-holders, as better than all the others combined. As St. Joseph is at present the terminus of the farthest and most direct western railroad, (the Hannibal and St. Joseph,) and can furnish every thing needed on a Pike Peak's trip, it has a slight advantage over its rivals. The question now is, not the common-place one, 'How do you do?' but 'How do you go?' As we would cross the plains in the shortest possible time, we book ourselves at the office of the 'Central Overland California and Pike's Peak Express Company,' where we find the affable and genial Jo Roberson, ready to give any desired information. The coaches of this line make tri-weekly trips to and from Denver, and accomplish the distance in a little less than six days. They travel day and night, stopping for about an hour at each of the thirty-two 'stations,' where the teams are changed, and the passengers furnished with 'wittles.' Novices generally dread the fatigue of this journey, and are solicitous about the sleeping question; but after a day out, nature asserts herself, and one finds his sleep as sound, sweet and refreshing, when sitting bolt upright in a rapidly-moving vehicle, as when wrapped in the drapery of his couch, and reclining on the softest of downy pillows. Commend me to the 'Central Overland' whenever I cross the plains.

Another mode of travel is with a stout but light carriage, or ambulance, drawn by mules — these animals being far better than horses for service on the plains. If this mode is selected, you will camp out at night, and be obliged to keep careful watch over your animals, to prevent gentlemen with confused ideas of *meum* and *tuum* appropriating them to their own use and behoof. Many an emigrant, by neglecting this precaution, has waked in the morning and found his wagon minus motive-power, and himself feeling as much akin to an ass as any of the four-footed beasts of which he had been deprived. The pleasures of sleeping on the ground, with a blanket for a covering, will here be yours. After a day's travel you will find the bosom of Mother Earth a wel-

come resting-place, and will fall asleep before you can count a hundred stars. In the morning, shake well your blanket before folding it, for the plains and Pike's Peak, like poverty, acquaint one with strange bed-fellows. On several occasions descendants of the celebrity that beguiled Mother Eve have shared my couch, and been with me in my slumbers. Wolves will come quite near — near enough to steal the boots of a sound sleeper — but they will offer no indignity to his person. As these animals have confused notions of the Eighth Commandment, it is well to secure all eatables before retiring for the night. If you do not, farewell to that ten-pound ham you threw under the wagon, and supposed would be 'all right' in the morning. 'Blessings brighten as they take their flight,' and you now prize cold bacon better than ten hours ago.

In crossing the plains in this manner, you will be initiated into the mysteries of the *cuisine* — making bread, frying bacon and griddle-cakes, decocting tea and coffee, and washing the dishes. Sometimes you will find yourself destitute of water, an article generally considered indispensable in performing the last-mentioned operation. Never mind — plates can be washed (excuse the term) with a handful of dirt, and two or three wisps of grass, so clean that they can be used for mirrors; knives and forks by thrusting them into the ground a few times, and wiping them on the grass. What house-wife would have dreamed of such a cleansing process?

I have not done with the various styles of travel in the free-and-easy west. There is the slow but sure method, where you pay a stipulated sum for the privilege of walking all the way behind an ox-wagon, boarding at and lodging under the aforesaid vehicle. The passenger has as good a bed as his blanket will make; and a leisurely, and, if not varied by an occasional fight, a somewhat monotonous trip of from forty to fifty-five days.

Then there is the mode independent; where you take your outfit in a hand-cart, or on your back, and trudge along at your own pace. You have an advantage over the express, for that is required to 'make time,' and you are not. You are better off than those who travel by ambulance, for their mules may be stolen while you can lie down at night, soliloquizing as did the ancient darkey: 'Blessed am dem what haint got noffin, for dey shan't lose it.' You can look with scorn upon the ox-teams, for they must camp and 'noon' where there are grass and water, while you can snap your fingers at such necessities, and stop when and where you like.

Having completed our preparations, we leave St. Joseph, called 'St. Jo,' by the Westerners; and, like the Star of Empire, take our way westward. For a few miles we find the road rough and hilly, after which we strike the open prairie. It is of the kind known in the west as 'rolling,' differing from the almost dead level of Illinois, and a few other States, in having a succession of ridges from a quarter to half-a-mile apart. Bryant's lines are admirably descriptive of the view before us:

'PRAIRIES, gardens of the desert!
Lo! they stretch in airy undulations far away,
As if the ocean in his gentlest swell
Stood still, with all his rounded billows
Fixed and motionless forever.'

Thus is the whole distance of two hundred and eighty miles from St. Joseph to Fort Kearney — a gentle ascent of a quarter to half a mile, and then a corresponding descent, its regularity broken occasionally by a creek or a river. In May and June the road is alive with an almost continuous caravan, moving westward. Here is a train of twenty-six wagons, twenty-five of them laden with merchandise, and the remaining one carrying the provisions for the *attachés* of the train. Five yoke of oxen is the motive power for each wagon, and these are urged forward by a 'bull-whacker,' armed with a whip, carrying a lash from six to twelve feet in length, which makes its mark wherever it falls. When the train halts, it 'goes into corral,' that is, the wagons are placed so as to inclose an oval space, with an opening at one end. When the cattle are to be yoked, they are driven into this *corral*, and a chain is stretched across the entrance to keep them within. In case of an attack by Indians, the corral makes an excellent barricade; from such a temporary fortress, many a 'red-skin' has received his death-wound. Here are wagons with families, and wagons without families. Here is a sorry-looking team with a load of provisions and mining outfits, and a dozen sorrier-looking followers on foot. The canvas wagon-cover is labeled: 'Pike's Peak or Bust.' Three months hence it may bear in addition the words: 'Busted, by Thunder.' Here is a squad of footmen, and just in advance four men harnessed to a hand-cart, and past them all rolls gracefully along one of the Central Overland coaches. Soon a clatter of hoofs is heard, and 'the Pony,' bearing letters that are to reach San-Francisco in twelve days, sweeps gayly by; passing alike pedestrian, ox-wagon, ambulance and coach. 'Make ten miles an hour, or kill a pony!' is the order given to each rider, and it is faithfully obeyed. Two hundred and eighty miles have been made by this line in twenty-four hours.

Such is a picture of the road from St. Joseph to Denver, on almost any day in the months of the spring migration. It is an almost unbroken line of wagons and pedestrians for the entire distance. In the variety of outfits, the grotesque costumes of the emigrants, the inscriptions upon the wagons, the appearance of the teams, the woe-begone aspect of the weary walkers, and the complacency of those who ride, the rough and unpresentable *tout ensemble* of the few women to be seen — in all these there is sufficient to give the lover of the ludicrous constant enjoyment. But anon there may be a serious side to the picture. How many in that living panorama will enjoy the realization of their golden dreams? How many, now so joyous, will return at the approach of winter, cursing the day they started on that weary journey? How many will lie down to their long rest where fall the mountain shadows? How many a youth who left the paternal roof, pure and innocent, will return hardened and corrupted by contact with this semi-barbaric life? What deeds of crime, what suffering and penury, sorrow and remorse, will follow this search to satisfy the 'cursed thirst for gold!'

Marysville, in Kansas, is the last village of any importance passed by the traveller to the Western Gold Fields. It is situated on the Big Blue river, at the crossing of the old military road from Fort Leavenworth to Fort Kearney and California. It was started a few years ago by General Marshal, a noted

'border-ruffian,' but withal an agreeable and affable gentleman. He gallantly called the future metropolis 'Marysville,' in honor of his wife, and modestly named the county after himself. The city has great prospective and some actual importance. A railroad is confidently talked of to connect it with St. Joseph, the mines, and the Pacific Ocean. If you stop an hour or two, you will encounter a gentleman with a deal of dignity, who will kindly volunteer to show you through the town. After exhibiting the site of the court-house, and of the grand Union *dépôt*, the location for the cemetery, and several eight-story brick warehouses, he will bring up at a small groggery, and stand treat. At parting, after an affectionate shake of the hand, he will extort from you a promise to invest in Marysville lots on your return, sagely concluding, that if you now had any spare funds you would not be travelling to Pike's Peak. In your perambulations you will doubtless hear of fights and law-suits innumerable, for this little town has the reputation of being fonder of fist, knife and pistol encounters, and of settling them in courts, than any other in Eastern Kansas. Sometimes those who administer the law get strangely mixed up in its violation. On my first visit several men were arrested for the heinous crime of horse-racing. They anticipated and received an acquittal, for the wearer of the ermine had acted as 'judge' at the very race where the crime was committed. His honor had no idea of being *particeps criminis* in an offence against the law 'in such case made and provided.'

Leaving this frontier town, with its whiskey, its fights and its justice, we pass on to Fort Kearney. The fort is situated on the southern bank of the Platte river, on a fine grassy plain, and consists of scattered adobe and frame buildings, strong enough to afford protection from Indians, but of small avail against regular troops. One or more companies of 'our country's brave defenders' are always stationed here; and if one has letters of introduction to the officers, a few days can be passed pleasantly; otherwise, twenty-four hours will be dreary, and the visitor glad to move on. Now the road leaves the rolling prairie, and follows the level valley or 'bottom' of the Platte, broken from a smooth track by an occasional creek or water-course. The Platte is a wide and apparently majestic stream, but an examination convinces the traveller of the truth of the adage: 'Appearances are deceptive.' Like many a loud-mouthed declaimer, it lacks sadly in depth; it has not sufficient water to afford safe navigation to a good-sized cod-fish. Returning 'pilgrims' often attempt to descend it, but in only a few instances have they succeeded in reaching the Missouri, and then only by dragging their boats for hundreds of miles over shoals and quicksands. Fremont tells of a party of French fur-traders who were twenty-five days in going as many miles. In most cases emigrants are over-set in the eddies, and lose their entire outfits. Last year, a poor fellow who had dragged his boat to within a few miles of Fort Kearney, was thus overturned, and lost every thing, reaching that post with only a single shirt. So much for the Platte.

Occasionally on our route we find the bluff coming down to the river's edge, and in such places generally encounter sand. Sometimes in a warm day we see before us beautiful lakes, surrounded by pleasant groves, inviting us to

rest and repose. On a near approach they vanish, and we learn that this *mirage* of the western plains is just as deceptive as that we read of on the deserts of Africa. At the South Platte Crossing, where the road to California leaves that to Denver, and crosses the Platte river, Indians are usually found. Experience has taught these vagabonds of the plains that it is easier to beg and steal their subsistence from the emigrants than to get it by hunting. If, my dear reader, you have derived your ideas of the red-man from 'Hiawatha' and Cooper's novels, I am sorry for you, for your fancy will receive a sad check. Instead of a formidable individual, dressed with care and taste, and looking the personification of those beautiful pictures that adorn bank-notes, you will behold a miserable, unwashed and uncombed creature, wrapped in a blanket that may once have been clean and new, but is now sadly the worse for wear, and covered from head to foot with all varieties of the genus *pediculus*. Take care that he does not come too near, or in a day or two an 'itching palm' may not be the only cutaneous affection with which you are afflicted. These rascals will beg for flour, whiskey, sugar and tobacco, with the utmost pertinacity, and will steal whatever they can lay their hands on. The only words of English they are capable of are the names of the articles they desire, the word 'How,' used in salutation; 'heap' for describing quantity, and, perhaps, a few sentences of profanity.

From Beaver Creek there are two routes leading to Denver. The one by way of the Platte takes you past several old forts or trading-posts, now in ruins. They were erected years ago when the trade with the Indians and trappers of the west was of far greater importance than at present. The prices at which goods were sold in the by-gone days of trapper history would satisfy the most profit-loving of this money-making age. The trapper who had labored and suffered to procure peltries, betook himself to the fort whenever the size of his 'pile' warranted a visit. Here he bartered the furs for coffee, sugar or flour, paying one dollar for a pint of each, for rum four dollars a pint, and tobacco one dollar a plug. The trader had also 'a boot on the other leg,' for he sold the furs in the St. Louis market at a *small* advance on first cost. Beaver which he had bought at three dollars per pound, and paid for in goods at the above 'orful' rates, brought twelve dollars in hard cash. No wonder that traders were able to make their fortunes in a short time. Some of these wilderness forts were splendidly arranged. Bent's Fort, on the head-waters of the Arkansas river, had its principal apartments furnished with mirrors, chairs and sofas, in the highest style of the upholsterer's art. There were billiard-tables from the hands of the most approved makers, with a player expressly employed to amuse visitors. Tropical fruits of every variety, and all the adornments of a metropolitan board, were there in abundance. But now, alas! naught marks the sight of the 'Old Fort,' save a mass of blackened ruins.

Sixty miles below Denver is the 'big bend of the Platte,' where that river sweeps around, changing its course from north to east. At this point is Cherokee City, a newly-fledged St. Louis. By reference to the map that adorns the stock certificates of Cherokee, it will be seen that it has the Pacific Railroad passing through it, is environed by gold mines, and other beauties of nature;

and is, in fact, *the* place of all others in the far west. If you invest in this town, do so with the conviction that it will make you a millionaire.

As the road by the Platte is much longer than the 'cut-off,' we will take the latter, although it passes away from the river, and has but little grass and water. If from this cause we should lose any of our animals, (supposing we took neither the speedy nor the independent mode of transit,) you will be likely to consider it the 'unkindest cut-off (of) all.' We will risk it, at any rate. But pause a moment—do you see that little cloud on the horizon, hanging there without change, while all around is fast fading away? It is no cloud, my friend, but the Rocky Mountains in the distance. After our long journey over this treeless prairie, is it not cheering to gaze on those grand old cliffs, towering in majesty above this level waste? Watch them as you advance, and note the changes that come over the picture. Now their forms rise distinctly, and you can no longer doubt their reality. Their corrugated sides, adown which the huge avalanche has held its course, now bursts on your view. The hazy, deep-blue mantle which enveloped them is drawn away, and they now are dotted with an ashen veil thin as gossamer. Those first in view are dark with the forests of pine, while farther on the white-clad peaks of the snowy range stand clear and sharp against the western sky. To the north Long's Peak rises like some grim mountain sentinel, thrusting his bold outline full into view. That rounded summit, in the extreme south, rising far above the surrounding mountains, is Pike's Peak, the cynosure for which the weary eyes of all in this mighty caravan have so long been watching. We will yet stand on its highest cliff, and feast our eyes on the picture there spread before us. Now, however, we are on our way to Denver, more of the Peak hereafter.

As we ascend this ridge, cast your eyes down the valley of the Platte, and tell me what you behold. There, sure enough, is Denver, stretched for a mile or more along the river. Its motley group of brick, frame and log-houses is a welcome sight after our wilderness journey of seven hundred miles. That line of timber stretching from our left down to the centre of the town skirts the banks of Cherry Creek, at whose *embouchure* the first gold in the Pike's Peak region was discovered. Those white dots along its margin are the tents of emigrants like ourselves, who have reached their journey's end, and are now resting from their fatigues. 'How far is it from Denver to the Mountains?' 'A mile or two,' you may answer; but if some day you attempt it, you will find it at least twelve miles, and those liberal measure. It takes some time to become accustomed to the deception of this wonderfully clear atmosphere. Yonder is a flag floating from a staff in the centre of the city, and near it you can discern the outline of a huge warehouse. We will quicken our pace, and halt as soon as possible, at the door of some friendly hotel. But pause! before we enter the city of the living, let us glance at the city of the dead. Even this young metropolis has its cemetery, and here, two miles from the busy streets, it is located. Nine-elevenths of those lying here met violent deaths; the revolver and the bowie-knife have been far more destructive than disease, and here are their victims. No pains have as yet been taken to adorn and beautify

this burial-ground ; it does not even boast an inclosure. Let us pass on, our business is not with the dead but with the living.

Almost the first building on our left is a small frame-house, some fourteen by twenty feet, with a modest little kitchen in the rear. Six Pike's Peakers reside here, and as they are at home this fine morning, and we happen to know one of them, we will enter. The house is like many habitations in Pike's Peak ; what an Easterner would call a mere shell, being entirely innocent of lath or plaster. Its one room boasts of a pine table which serves alike for dining, writing, and whist-playing purposes. One of the occupants indulges in the luxury of a chair, but the remainder consider it an unwarranted extravagance, and content themselves with those modest articles of household economy known as 'three-legged stools.' That bed in the corner nightly holds a pair of sleepers, while their four friends take their rest at their places of business. Yonder mahogany desk in the opposite corner, once adorned an editorial sanctum in Cincinnati, and afterward in Kansas. That shelf holds a diminutive library ; and among its volumes are Webster's Dictionary, several books of travel, Shakspeare's Works, and Kames' Elements of Criticism. A miscellaneous array of reading matter, indeed !

While we are glancing around the room, the cook, an ebony-complexioned fellow, exulting in the name of Sam, enters to prepare the table for breakfast. Sam is a bright, active fellow, and is the same darkey who, while acting as barber in Lecompton, refused to shave Governor Medary by the month, because, as he expressed it : 'Kansas Gub'ners don't stay dere month out ; dey is mighty onsartin, anyhow.' With care Sam spreads the cloth, arrays the crockery, and places the dishes in order. The four outside members of the family having entered, we will postpone our hotel visit, and accept an invitation to take our morning meal with them. All are seated at the table, and while cooling our coffee we will take a look at the assemblage. The man at the head has been a miner in California, a stage-driver in Australia, a land speculator in Iowa, and is now a merchant in Pike's Peak. That youth at his right, in appearance barely eighteen, has been two voyages up the Mediterranean. The individual on the left came from the old Bay State years ago, and has pretty well rambled over the indefinite region known as 'out west ;' he took an active part in the Kansas wars, spent three long months in the famous Lecompton prison, and finally escaped with a few scars to give him occasional remembrance of old times. That bearded fellow, so busy with his coffee and beefsteak, is a traveller of twenty years' experience. With buffalo and polar bears, elephants and Esquimaux, Parisians and Tahitians, corn-bread and curry, cava and cocktails, he is equally familiar. Engage him in conversation at some leisure time, and you will find him interesting. The fifth is a journalist who has taken notes among Cincinnati pork-dealers, Kansas fights, Choctaw fevers, Arkansas bowie-knives, Missouri lead-mines, New-Mexican *hombres*, and Pike's Peak miscellanies. The sixth, and last, is also a journalist, whilom principal of a flourishing academy in the Granite State. Though but a few months in the country, he is as good a Peaker as the next man, and says life here is a pleasant change from its quietly civilized condition at the East. We have briefly described each one of the semi-dozen, and if you look around you, you will find that every collection of the same number of individuals contains

nearly as miscellaneous an assortment as the preceding. And now, bidding our friends good morning, we will saunter down-town.

Denver is situated on the south fork of the Platte, some fifteen miles from the base of the Rocky Mountains. It is on the prairie which has here a gentle slope toward the river, except at the point of union between the valley and the plain above, where the ascent is quite sharp. The soil is gravelly and of a peculiar character, that makes the streets always excellent. There is too much gravel to allow the soil to adhere to one's feet, and enough finer earth to make the roads 'tread' well. Nature has done every thing in the way of paving this city of the west. Occasionally the wind raises a cloud of dust, but it is nothing in comparison with the same in Eastern Kansas or Western Missouri.

In one respect Denver differs from Washington; the latter is a city of magnificent distances, the former one of magnificent expectations. Denver was originally laid out to contain twelve hundred and eighty acres, an area sufficient for its growth in a long time. Its western boundary was the famous Cherry Creek. But very soon some enterprising gentlemen laid out the town of Aururia on the opposite side of that stream, containing just as much of the earth's surface as its older rival. A few weeks afterward the town of Highland, located on the north bank of the Platte, and separated from Denver only by that river, saw the day. That also contained the same amount of land as Denver. Recently the three have been united under one management, and are known as the city of Denver. The grand consolidated city has, therefore, an area of six square miles, beside numerous additions that have been made by enthusiastic speculators. The landed property has not been held in peace and quietness. On two or three occasions portions of the town have been 'jumped' or forcibly seized, by men who were desirous of owning without the formality and inconvenience of buying. This jumping led to collisions between the authorities and the jumpers, and in the settlement of their disputes, the rifle and the revolver acted as judge and jury. The holders of land have as yet no title, as the country still belongs to the Indians; but it is hoped the aboriginal claim will soon be extinguished, and in that case the squatter principle of 'first to occupy' will be good. Larimer, Blake, Ferry, and F, are the principal business streets. The first, named after one of the early settlers, boasts of several brick and a goodly number of frame buildings, occupied by merchants, mechanics, groggery-keepers and land-speculators. Parallel with it is Blake-street, its name perpetuating that of an enterprising youth from the Bay State. Here are the same classes of buildings as on Larimer-street, but they are far more numerous. The latter is comparatively quiet, while Blake-street is ordinarily a scene of bustle and confusion. At mid-day one sees there freight and emigrant-wagons, ambulances, horsemen, footmen, loose cattle, Indians, 'greasers,' dogs, hogs, gamblers and auctioneers, all mingled together in most admired disorder. Above the din of the crowd are heard the mellifluous tones of the last-named gentry crying their wares. Until the enforcement of a late city ordinance prohibiting the practice of their vocation in the streets, gamblers were accustomed to gather on the side-walks

and 'take in' the verdant ones. 'Who bets on the ace of clubs; the ace of clubs, gentlemen, is the winning card. The ace, the ace; whoever turns the ace wins the twenty dollars.' Such is the style in which they court the fickle goddess. They have also a harmless little game wherein a strap is rolled in such a way as to present three loops, and the bystander is at liberty to bet his money and put a small stick in the loop that he thinks will catch when the strap is unrolled. The beauty of the operation is, that not one of the loops will catch, and the better is sure to be the loser. With such and similar amusements do the sporting gentry of Denver while away their time.

'Before the United States mail reached this city, all the letters to Pike's Peak were brought by the Overland Express Company, and in June or July last a double line of men, reaching oftentimes nearly to the corner of the next block, could be seen on the arrival of each tri-weekly coach. As many as twelve thousands letters have been received at this office in a single week. The manager of the postal department was once post-master of Sacramento, and has served in the same capacity in two or three cities of the East. He is famous for his memory of names and faces, a quality quite essential for a good post official. The coaches for St. Joseph start from this office, and it is amusing to hear the parting words to those bound States-ward.

'Good-by, old fel. Have you got whiskey enough?'

'I say, Jack, you'd better crop your har before you get to Cottonwood. The Injens thar jest love a scalp like youn.'

'Tell Dave's wife that he's married to a squaw, and she need n't come out.'

The superintendent hands up the way-bill; the passengers reach from the coach and give a final hand-shake, take a parting drink to good luck, the whip cracks, and off go the mules on their way to the rising sun. On the arrival of each coach from the States, a crowd gathers to witness the debarkation of passengers and the unloading of express matter. In fact, one of the standard amusements of Denver is a visit to the express-offices on the arrival and departure of the coaches.

In speaking of this branch of business, the office of Hinckley and Company on the same street should not be forgotten. They have lines to the States, to all the mining districts in the mountains, to Colorado and Cañon Cities on the Arkansas River, and to Taos and other parts of New-Mexico. Wherever there are people enough to make it desirable, Hinckley and Company are sure to establish an express. In the months of June, July, August and September of the year 1860, this company transported sixty-three thousand one hundred and fifty-two letters between Denver and the mining region alone. From this office a coach starts weekly for St. Joseph *via* Fort Kearney and Omaha, Nebraska, under the auspices of the Western Stage Company, a gigantic concern that has its lines throughout nearly all the great West. It is the intention to make the service on the Denver and St. Joseph route a tri-weekly one. A short distance from the express office is the mint and banking-house of Clark, Gruber and Company. The only money coined in Pike's Peak is from this establishment. Several gentlemen of the press, among whom the author was physically con-

spicuous, witnessed the first coinage of Rocky Mountain gold in the basement of that three-story brick. Well does he remember with what politeness Clark produced a bottle, labelled 'Old Bourbon,' and with what eagerness the press (present company excepted) expressed its contents. He has in mind the gravity with which a youthful journalist propounded the following:

'Why are we now unlike our friends at the East?'

No one in his auditory could tell, and after a due pause the young man gasped faintly:

'Because, while they take mint in their whiskey, we take our whiskey in the mint.'

He survived, and is now doing well.

This firm has already coined upward of a half-million dollars, and sent to the East large amounts in gold-dust. Their coin is a great benefit to the country, obviating as it does the necessity of weighing gold-dust in commercial transactions. Those who do not appreciate the convenience of coined money should live a year in a country where unwrought gold is the circulating medium.

The crowds in this street, like all gatherings in a new country, are of a motley character. We will pass the 'great unwashed' without notice, and fix our attention on that mulatto-visaged man arrayed in a rough suit, and with feet covered with moccasins. He is portentously known as Captain Beckwourth. A few years ago he published a book giving an account of the scenes and incidents in his life, and especially of nine years during which he was head chief of the Crow Indians. Engage him in conversation, and you will find him ready to launch upon his favorite topic and recount marvellous stories of his past career. He tells us he was the happy husband of eight dusky wives when he was 'big In-jin' in the Crow nation. He has lately taken to his bosom a ninth bride, and the charming couple are enjoying the saccharine period, yecept 'the honeymoon,' in a small cabin about three miles above Denver. That tall, fine-looking man, with a form like Adonis, is an ex-killbuster. He served in Nicaragua under the 'grey-eyed man of destiny;' was a prisoner of state in Mexico, and worked for a year on the roads of that land of *aguardiente* and *frijoles*. He has been in numerous fights on the frontier, bears the scars of a dozen wounds inflicted by sword and bullet, and is yet good for a dozen more. That smooth-faced and smiling personage by his side has likewise been a killbuster. He visited Central America at the time of Walker's first expedition, and in the haste of his departure left behind a splendid law library. He is now editing a Pike's Peak newspaper, is also in the practice of the law. That slender-framed and modest-appearing man who shrinks from the gaze of the crowd, is one of whom you have often heard, but whose name it will be difficult for you to guess. You might take him for a Pennsylvania farmer at first glance, but there is something in his features indicative of character. He is none other than Kit Carson, the famous mountaineer, around whose name so much of romance is clinging. He resides in Taos, New-Mexico, three hundred miles south of Denver; and is here merely on a visit. That personage behind the small bar facing the street, and engaged alternately in selling whiskey and dealing

monte, was once professor in an Eastern college, and afterward minister of the Gospel in Western New-York. Near him is the stand of a former Kansas deacon, now a dealer in whiskey and other like commodities. But notice that slight frame and womanly face, from which a huge cigar protrudes. John Phoenix, when in charge of the San-Diego *Herald*, advertised for a small boy to work about the office, and added as postscript: 'No young woman in disguise need apply.' This would seem a superfluous appendage to a public notice, but it would be necessary in Pike's Peak, for 'female women' in male attire are occasionally seen; and the specimen now under contemplation is 'one of 'em.' Lastly comes a 'greaser' or New-Mexican native, clad in the *sombrero* and *serape* of his region, with a pair of enormous spurs attached to his heels and jingling at every step. He would not be seriously injured if held under a pump for the space of half-an-hour.

Denver Hall, a notorious gaming and drinking-saloon, deserves a passing notice. It is a building some twenty-five by sixty feet, and its single apartment is nightly thronged by an eager multitude. Around the hall are ranged tables, behind which are seated professors of 'the art of making money by easy process.' Grouped around these tables are those who trust their fortunes on the turn of a card or the revolving of a wheel, and it is interesting to watch the countenances of the betters as the games go on. A band of music occupies an elevated position, and the bar on the left-hand corner has a most liberal practice. The air is vitiated with tobacco-smoke and the odor of bad whiskey. Oaths and ribald songs and jests are heard, and a fight is looked upon as an occurrence scarcely deserving of notice. In addition to the above disagreeables, the frequenters of the place have a way when drunk of letting off revolvers, sometimes selecting a mark, and at others making only a general and miscellaneous shot. To a nervous and quietly-disposed individual these non-particularized bullets are not at all agreeable, and he is glad to get out of their range as speedily as possible.

The drama is not unknown in Denver. A theatre is in nightly operation in a hall on Larimer-street, where tragedies and comedies are enacted, to the delight of the two or three hundred that compose the audience. In constant attendance, and occasionally on the stage, can be seen the famous 'wheel-barrow man,' a plucky printer, who came to this country in the early times, trundling a fine specimen of an 'Irishman's coach' all the way from Kansas City. With him usually appears a sedate foreigner, known as Count Murat, who asserts with great vehemence that he is nephew to the King of Italy. How are the mighty fallen! The audience that assembles there is composed almost entirely of the sterner sex. It is rude and boisterous, and gives vent to its feelings in a most demonstrative manner, but the visitor will seldom hear expressions absolutely coarse and indecorous. One dollar is the price of admission to this temple of Thespis.

The architecture of Denver is exceedingly varied. The most modest habitation that met my gaze during numerous perambulations through the consolidated city, was a wagon-body removed from the wheels, and furnished with a stove and other house-keeping comforts. In this snug domicile lived a Missouri

native with his wife and three children. One degree above this is the tent of canvas which has served for shelter on the plains, and is now used as a local habitation. Next is a small frame or log basement, some four or six feet in height, with an upper part, or roof, of canvas—a style of architecture quite popular with the keepers of one-horse groggeries. Better than this is the log-cabin, with a floor of mother earth: a roof of poles, covered with dirt; a rude chimney, composed of sticks, stones and mud, but with no mode of lighting the domestic retreat, save through the opened door. The early settlers considered such accommodations quite palatial. Then come frame-buildings of all grades and descriptions, and last on the upward scale are the fine three-story brick warehouses that adorn the principal business streets. Stone has not yet come into use as a building material. Nowhere, in a city of five thousand inhabitants, can be shown such a diversity of architectural taste as in Denver.

A two-story frame building in the middle of Cherry Creek (which, by the way, is a mythical stream, being destitute of water) attracts the attention of the curious. It faces in no particular direction, and its corners are of the geometrical order of angles known as acute and obtuse. It is the place whence emanates the *Rocky Mountain News*, as a huge sign on the roof proclaims. The senior editor will tell you that his office was thus oddly shaped to ward off the force of the severe winds, but the Recorder's books show that the lot on which the building is located is of just such shape as the domicile indicates. In the spring of 1859, before the country had become convinced of the *reality* of Pike's Peak, a press and printing materials were started from Omaha for these western gold-fields. Arriving in the month of March, the owners went immediately at work, and in a few days thereafter appeared the initial number of the *Rocky Mountain News*. It is now by far the best daily and the most attractive weekly newspaper west of St. Louis. Its editors are human curiosities, and worthy of niches at Barnum's. The senior was 'raised' in Ohio. He has been a pioneer settler in Iowa, Nebraska, Oregon and Pike's Peak; has acted as Government surveyor in all those territories, excepting the last; has been four times over the plains; was once shot and badly wounded in an attempt to quell a riot; and on numerous occasions has listened to the pleasing whistle of a bullet in close proximity to his head. 'Moving accidents by flood and field' he can relate without number. The junior, an ardent admirer of a huge meer-schaum, is by birth a New-Yorker. He has published papers in Buffalo, Chicago, Melbourne, New-Zealand, Peru and California. Australia and adjacent lands, many isles of the Pacific, South-America, and all parts of the United States, have received the impress of his restless foot, and where next he may turn up, it is difficult to imagine. A novelist might make a fine two-volume romance from the history of these two men. If he had, in addition, the career of each of the workmen in the composing and press-rooms—no less than four of whom have been editors of daily papers in various parts of the Union—the 'Scottish Chiefs' would be a mere nothing.

Journalism at Pike's Peak, like the course of true love, does not run smooth. Repeated shots have been fired at the *News* office by indignant 'roughs;' the editors have been assaulted at various times, and on a few occasions their lives

have been in great jeopardy. In July last, as the senior editor was quietly seated in his sanctum, several ruffians entered, and two of them presenting cocked revolvers at his head, requested him to take a pleasant walk with them to a gambling-saloon a few squares distant. As their invitation was *pressing*, he accepted it, and proceeded to the place designated. He was saved from being there shot down only by a stratagem of the saloon-keeper. Every few weeks a threat of cleaning out the *News* office is made by its enemies, and the whole corps, from the 'devil' upward, is prepared to resist such a purifying process. The sanctum abounds in guns and revolvers, always at hand; and in squally times each man in the composing-room has a 'six-shooter' by the side of his copy. The foreman sports a huge 'navy' at his belt, and the roller-boy is ready to support the honor of the establishment with the weapon of his branch of trade. Pleasant business, publishing newspapers at Pike's Peak!

Law is not by any means unknown in Denver. The gentlemen of the green bag are quite numerous—more numerous, in fact, than learned, though there are a few men of ability among them. The territory being as yet unorganized, there is no regular and acknowledged system of laws. The various Solons of this embryonic Athens uphold different modes of dealing out justice, as their fancies or their educations impel them. Some are in favor of the United States laws, and others are clamorous for those of the Territory of Kansas; some desire the enforcement of the ordinances of the 'people of Denver,' and others see great poetic beauty in the code of the Provisional Government; a few of the legal practitioners desire a general and miscellaneous combination of the four. The 'Provisional Government of Jefferson' had its origin during the babyhood of the Territory. At that time the fossilized political loafers who had wandered from various parts of the States to Pike's Peak, set about putting in order the confused elements found there. Conventions were held, elections instituted, legislatures convened, and laws passed. Thus sprung into existence the famous Provisional Government, in which nearly all the officers were self-elected and also self-paid. A few men of respectability among them give a little vitality to the institution, but the majority bear too strong a resemblance to the Bowery boy or the steam-boat deck-hand to figure to advantage in high position. A court under this government is a decided curiosity. In one that I entered not long since, the judge occupied the highest seat in the tribunal, dealing out justice to the litigious. A pair of dilapidated pants covered his nether extremities, and outside their terminations was a pair of huge stogy boots. Covering his shoulders was a shirt that for a long time had not seen a washer-woman; and around his waist a belt, holding full in view an enormous bowie-knife and a navy revolver. Out of his rosy face and unkept beard protruded a common clay pipe, from which the smoke of vile tobacco rose like incense, and adown his chin two rivulets of amber-colored saliva held their meandering way. The prosecuting attorney sat on the stove, (it was warm weather,) and the opposing counsel was ensconced on a huge billet of wood. In corresponding freedom from the conventionalities of fashionable life were the jury, litigants and

spectators. At least one-half of those present were solacing their cares with the smoke of

'SUBLINE tobacco, which from east to west,
Cheers the tar's labor and the Turkman's rest.'

Murderers are generally tried by a 'People's Court,' or in other words, by the celebrated Judge Lynch. Every thing is conducted with the utmost fairness to the accused, and he is allowed all that he would receive in a regular court at the East, with the exception of the benefit of technicalities. After the sentence has been given, it is brought before the people present in the following manner:

'Shall the decision of the Judge, with regard to the prisoner now before you, be carried out? All in favor will answer 'Ay.'

'Ay.'

'Those opposed will answer, 'No.'

'No.'

It is seldom that the response of the people is not in the affirmative.

The first account of gold in this region that ever crossed the Missouri river appeared in a Boston journal in the spring of 1858. In the autumn of that year, many residents of the towns along the Missouri river started for the auriferous land. 'Cities' in abundance were laid out, the most of which still remain in *statu quo*. But little else was done farther than to ascertain that gold really existed in the Pike's Peak region. In 1859 a large emigration, principally from the Western States, passed over the plains, the most of which 'stampeded' soon after its arrival. In 1860, the number of those who arrived in the mining region was not far from seventy-five thousand, and it was composed of a much better class than those who made the *hegira* of the previous year. Rich placers were opened and worked, quartz-mills set in successful operation, explorations made, proving the existence of gold in all the country between Fort Laramie and El Paso, the soil cultivated and found to be exceedingly fertile, and every thing promised the rapid development of the land beyond the plains. Now the cañons and gorges of the Rocky Mountains are alive with men toiling to move from its resting-place the glittering metal which charms alike the savage and the civilized eye. The steam-whistle and the mill-stamp awake the echoes where but lately the howl of the wolf and the scream of the panther were the only sounds. An enormous influx of the hard-handed sons of toil is pouring in the present year, and very soon Pike's Peak will bear no mean comparison with California and the other gold countries of the world.

'THE STARS AND STRIPES.'

BROTHERS! wave high our banner proud,
With blood of patriots crimsoned gory:
The stars that gem its azure cloud
Are souls of heroes, set in glory.

M O R N I N G .

BY F. F. REED.

ALL hushed and still, the voiceless air
Is sleeping in the vale ;
The morning rises fresh and fair,
Like a veiled nun from holy prayer,
And her dewy light is pale.

AURORA now, in robes of red
And chariot of fire,
Arises from her azure bed,
With urn of flame by PHÆBUS fed,
And lights the gloomy pyre ;

And marching up the starry dome,
Out-blooms each starry ray ;
Proclaiming from her mystic tome,
The glorious god of day has come
To chase the gloom away.

The blushes on her brow of light,
The crimson of her crest,
That lights the interlunar night,
Are melting to a pearly white
Adown the distant west.

The summer sun, in mellow hues,
The landscape now is steeping ;
The fleet AURORA still pursues,
While kissing up the crystal dews
The night flowers have been weeping.

The merry lark, with song of praise,
Has scaled the misty wall,
And laves her in the genial rays,
And sings her merry matin lays,
Above its floating pall ;

All nature smiling ushers in,
From mid-night's silent sadness,
The purple Morn with sandals green,
The summer morn so fair and sheen,
With notes of joy and gladness.

DOCTOR BROWN,

AND HOW HE DROWNED HIS CARES.

BY J. K. BRYANT.

It is common, in Chicago, for young business men to furnish and occupy private rooms in the upper story of some large building, such as a bank or store. This arrangement is pleasant—too pleasant, I may say, for it gives a sort of fatal facility and fictitious felicity to bachelor-hood; and, indeed, married men have been known to enjoy the freedom of this mode of life more than suited the wishes of their amiable spouses, who have not yet been able to screw up their courage to come ‘out west.’ (In my own private opinion, the worst of it is, that men quite free from domestic cares and interests, are apt to grow sentimental, not being momentarily pulled down to inevitable realities, like family men.)

In such a bachelor’s hall lived the young Doctor and I; and unto us came, adventitiously, I declare, Jack, an estray, who would be the hero of this tale, except that he has two more legs than it is fashionable to allow to the heroes of tales—and besides, he has a caudal appendage of his own. We first thought of calling him Cortex, on account of his bark, and also of his great swimming powers. But we agreed that would be too professional. So, after mature reflection, we fixed upon ‘Ejaculation’ for his Sunday-go-to-meeting name, his name to be lectured and punished by, and ‘Jack’ for short. It was funny to see the deprecatory depression which came over Jack’s ears and tail when called by his whole, formal, many-syllabled cognomen. It was, to him, the shadow of ‘coming events.’ I tried hard to win Jack’s affections, but he obstinately preferred the Doctor, who took little notice of him. He would much rather follow him, who drove him back, than me, who called him. So in the pursuit of happiness—but we have no time to moralize. Suffice it to say, Jack became the Doctor’s unprized and undisputed property.

As soon as Jack was made to understand that the Doctor’s piano-playing was *not* meant to serve as an accompaniment to his (Jack’s) voice, we got on admirably together. We had to shut him, and his noisy sympathies, up in another room, when the accident cases came, and they were not few, for our rooms fronted on Lake street, the Broadway of Chicago. His green P’s the Doctor used to call these cases; Prime Professional Practice and Precious Poor Pay, falling, as such opportunities do, mostly to the lot of good-natured men or beginners.

I liked nothing better than to assist at the treatment of these cases, when needed; (and my thoughts, I find, have taken something of a medical or surgical turn ever since.) But the case that I watched with the greatest interest was one wherein the young Doctor himself was the patient, as well as the

physician; and the coyness of a certain young lady, the wheel that had run over him. The almost romantic openness of Brown's character, made it easy to trace the progress of his love-affair. When in good spirits, it seemed to him as if his idol favored him, and as if all his fears were cowardly and foolish; her coyness being only the natural maiden modesty, without which she would be a vastly less charming girl than she was. An extra cup of coffee, or a good segar, would put this rose-colored aspect on his affairs. On the other hand, hard work, and its consequent cool reflection, would make him feel that his hopes were a vain chimera, and his fears a grim reality.

Our story opens at the time when Miss Evans refused Doctor Brown. She did not do it in words, but it was just as effectual as if she had used the whole armory of phrases that girls are said to keep ready for such occasions — sentences that fall as cold on men's hearts as water on the faces of the drowning. Miss Evans had never in her life had occasion to use those deadly phrases, for she was never a flirt, and her admirers were never fools; and without a flirt on one side, or a fool on the other, there should never be a rejection in words. So, when the mitten she was quietly knitting for the Doctor became too plainly evident for even the eyes of love to remain blind to it, and his common-sense told him he could have it for the asking, he wisely concluded not to ask for it. Whereupon we may suppose that Time unravelled it all out again, and that the yarn from this unravelling is the yarn I am now spinning over.

'*Angina Pectoris*,' groaned the poor fellow, in answer to my question as to what ailed him. I had only asked, because not to do so would have been a confession that I knew already.

His beloved piano had been untouched for days. Jack, in dim consciousness that something was wrong, had tried in vain all his little ways of attracting his master's attention. And there lay my room-mate, confidant, and friend, prone and face-hidden; his hands rigidly clasped above his head, and every movement and every interval of quietude showing the struggle of a strong heart with a great grief. 'Anguish of the breast,' indeed it was, albeit not exactly of the kind to which the Faculty have given that dreadful name.

The world gives its sympathy to the weak and helpless, and has little left for the sufferings of strong men. And yet, perhaps, the stronger and nearer perfection the organization, mental and physical, the greater the capacity for both joy and pain. The kind numbness that mother Nature provides to set a limit to human endurance, comes soon to deaden the pains of womanhood and childhood, (first or second,) but holds aloof long, long, in the case of the strong man, before the worm dies in the fire unquenched. But the sympathies of the world will never be changed by argument, though reasons were as plenty as blackberries; so we men must be content with the comforts and consolations that belong to us, and not go begging for more. If our ills are slow to go, they are also slow to come. The loving mother, before mentioned, shields and pads over our hearts, figuratively, as well as literally speaking. If bodily pain, or mental griefs, came on with all their poignancy at once, who could bear it? But through the thick ribs of sturdy hope, and the stout pads of vanity, the blows only reach our hearts deadened and softened. Once in a

while, (but rarely, thank God!) the stroke comes crashing in, through ribs and all, and then — the sufferer dies, I suppose. I never knew of a case.

Our hero's was no such one, at any rate. Although he carefully forbore all particular attentions, he hoped against hope, for a time, first, that he might be mistaken; then that Miss Sara might change her mind, though he knew that would be a miracle. Then sweet, self-consolatory vanity offered reasons for his failure. Perhaps she was already in love with some other man. Perhaps her health was not as good as it seemed. Perhaps some one had slandered him to her. It was not till days and weeks had passed, that he came to the wise conclusion, that he was unsuccessful simply because he was not nearly so fine a fellow as he had always thought himself, and quite as far from being irresistible as the rest of us.

Youth, health, courage, occupation, and elastic spirits *versus* wounded pride and disappointed love — the result could not long be doubtful. The struggle was terrible while it lasted, for the same manly qualities that strengthened one side, strengthened also its opposite. My friend ate, slept, and talked little, and smoked much; and so looked a little pale and thin. But it was a mere question of time. Time is the panacea, which, I verily believe, will cure all earthly ills, provided you only take enough of it. Try it. If the first dose does not cure, take another and a larger one.

The Doctor confessed to me afterward, that he had another prescription which benefited him immensely. He was called to attend a poor fellow with cancer on the face. A hopeless case — poverty — advancing age — unavailing desire for strong drink, and an agonizing disease! My friend assured me that shame at his own repinings, when he had not one of these horrors to complain of, was his first step toward reinstatement in good sense and good humor. He took his dose twice a day, and oftener if he found it necessary, and the poor wretch he was serving, while thus disciplining himself, must have wondered at the faithful, kindly, marvellous attentiveness with which his new doctor smoothed the last stages of his journey to the grave.

I have already intimated that I despair of making Brown's distress touching to the general reader as it was to me. Yet I would defy any one to see, unmoved, the way the poor fellow took his disappointment to heart. Keenly, keenly, was he cut by every word and look, whereby the innocent destroyer of his peace showed her joy at the change he constrained himself to make in his manner — from lover-like to friend-like — more keenly than he would have been by the openest disdain she could have expressed. My private opinion is, that she must have been somewhat to blame, thus to mislead his usually sagacious mind. But if I had thought best to utter this suspicion to Brown, I should probably have been sorry for it. In fact, the most discouraging symptom in his process of recovery was, the grave respect and admiration with which he always spoke of Miss Evans.

CHAPTER SECOND.

WE were sitting at breakfast, a few days or weeks after the Doctor really concluded that he was unmistakably a slighted man; a portentous gloom beclouded his face—even his drooping moustache seemed to partake of it—his hand was laid mechanically on the head of poor Jack, whose soft, brown eyes looked volumes of expostulatory deprecation of his master's low spirits.

The Doctor looked up, our eyes met, and I burst into an incontrollable laugh, wherein he deigned, albeit somewhat ruefully, to join.

'Old fellow,' said he——

'Old fellow,' said I——

'Will you oblige me by inquiring the price of board at the asylum for idiots?'

'With all the pleasure in life—on one condition.'

'Name it?'

'That you will give me a prescription for a friend of mine, who is troubled with 'Fractura Cordis.'

'Certainly,' said he, and forthwith wrote in his memorandum-book, tore out the leaf and handed it to me.

'R. Sp. Pr. Gl. z2, ter in die.'

I studied over it: 'Spirit—Pura—Glycerine——'

'Pure spirit of humbug!' he interrupted. 'You are a pretty chemist; do you think you could put up a prescription? That means 'Spalding's Prepared Glue, one bottle three times a day.'

'Oh! I see! by way of mending the fracture. Yes, I have often thought a *stick* would do good in many cases of heart-break. But it's refreshing to me to see a smile on your face.'

'If I could only keep it there without so much exertion. Why can't I?'

In the evening, I got him to sit down to the piano, and though he began with such things as the plaintive 'Songs without Words' of Mendelssohn, yet he was gradually led on through his *repertoire* of grand piano music-works, whose authors rank as benefactors of their race—Chopin, Liszt, Droyschook, Blumenthal, Gottschalk.

The succeeding symptoms of Brown's slow recovery can be easily imagined. He soon took to being very industrious and very cross, for which latter manifestation Jack liked him none the less; but I, being neither a dog nor a woman, liked him not at all. So let us leave him in his savageness, and talk between ourselves.

'Why did not Miss Evans fall in love with the Doctor?'

My dear sir, (or madam,) heaven knows, and possibly, not probably, the lady herself. He is good-looking enough, I suppose. His face has the good-humored expression which springs from continued and unthought-of health, and his general appearance the grace that belongs with a consciousness of great bodily power and activity. He had always, before he met Miss Evans, been accustomed to the raising of unfounded hopes in the hearts of the other sex, rather than to suffering from them in his own.

'Perhaps it was a matter of poverty or riches that disinclined her.'

No, indeed, for he had neither. He was richer than she, for he had some money, and was steadily making more—much faster than she could do by making music-lessons, which she was dutifully doing to support her mother and herself. Possibly his chance might have been better if he had been richer, for Miss Evans's expressed belief was, that if two people loved each other enough to marry, it made little difference as to which party had the purse. The Doctor, on the other hand, vowed he would never marry a girl richer than himself, which probably meant, in his case as well as others, *unless* he fell in love with her.

'Why, in the world, then, should the Doctor fail, when the chances were so much on his side?'

I assure you, I am as much surprised as you can be, and so was all Chicago. What the world said was, that Miss Evans quite over-estimated her pretty face, (but this I can't allow;) that Doctor Brown, with his means, talents, manners, and connections, was as good a match as there was in the city; that Sara would 'go through the woods and pick up a crooked stick at last;' that the Doctor might thank his stars he was well out of it, for whosoever married Sara, married her mother too, etc., etc.

'Could it be that she had a horror of his profession?'

Scarcely; for women are apt to like doctors, whether of medicine or divinity; perhaps, because there is something mysterious and occult in their power. Women like to look forward to a comfortable confidence in those powers, (medical,) in the bodily ills which are only too surely part of their future lot, and to lean on those, (spiritual,) in the religious yearnings that form the angelic part of the true womanly nature.

'Then what do *you* think was the reason?'

Well, if you put it to me in that personal way, I must say that I think it was, because he fell in love with her first; and more, he let her see that it was so; and, worst of all, he let other people see it, too. He had that kind of insolent humility which says, 'I have nothing to conceal,' which really means: 'Whatever I do is good enough for all the world to know.' And although he knew that a little judicious neglect was what his cause needed, yet, as it was day where she was, and night where she was not, to him, he took no pains to curb his impatient yearning for the sweet intoxication of her society. This self-indulgence put on, for his eyes, the attractive garb of truth and candor. All very fine, Doctor, except that it failed of its object. How could any lady be expected to suppose that a hand so lightly at her disposal, had any weight in the world? It is a hand of iron under a glove of velvet that makes so good a surgeon, and so influential a business-man as the Doctor; but how could *she* suspect it, in whom, of all others, it was necessary to inspire respect, while the owner seemed to have nothing better to do than try to please her?

However this may be, such a season of distress, be the cause explicable or not, seems to form a barrier between boyhood and manhood. One is a boy till it comes, no matter how long it may be deferred, and when it is past, one is a boy no longer. Fate can never hurt him so badly again. It has no sharper

arrows in store, and the scar which that barb left, covers and protects the tenderest and most exposed nerve-point in his frame.

So much chat by way of by-play, while the Doctor is getting over his crossness. He gradually grew to be very much like his old self; but still the wound bled afresh whenever he met his darling, and watched with feverish regret and admiration her beauty, grace, and goodness, and her pitying, sisterly affection and solicitude to him-ward. Therefore was I moved to drag him away from town, to stay for a few days, or rather nights, at the Park View Hotel; a nice place on the lake-shore, near Chicago, where people can go and stay for the summer months, doing business in town as usual.

I say people *can* go there. They can, but they do not, or at least only a few do. There stands a beautiful hotel, excellently furnished and well kept, and almost empty! This is for the simple reason that Chicago, with its lake-breezes, its Michigan avenue drive and promenade on the lake-shore, its pleasant and respectable, though rather sober and (perhaps) puritanical society, elegantly housed, and, in short, its various and sundry appliances for comfort and luxury, (including a large Teutonic infusion into its population, bringing with it a great store of music, of course,) is as pleasant a summer residence as heart need wish. While I have lived there, I have found no temptation in my own mind, or the minds of my friends, to get away; except, always, that for each of us children of the dear old Atlantic States, there exists a Mecca, away off under the rising sun, toward which our hearts ever turn when praying, and our feet when free.

Never fear, ye sea-girt shores, ye beloved Mohawk, and Hudson, and Delaware, and Susquehanna valleys, or honored old New-England, mother of all good things—never fear that ye are forgotten by your westward-wandering children! Their home-sent thoughts and memories fall as thick and fast and silently on your unconscious hill-sides and roof-trees, as the softest autumn snow-storm. And the flakes lie there as quietly, ready to melt in sympathy with every beam of sunshine you enjoy, or to harden into a strong and present protection whenever the frosts of adversity shall threaten you.

It was a real pleasure to hear the Doctor touch the piano again, throwing his whole soul into the intricacies of those delicious masterpieces, as if he found fit expression for his feelings through them. He knew the uses of music, and he never played for show; but there was the true power in his playing; that which, for the time, brings the listener up to the level of the performer, in feeling, at least. And he enjoyed it, in spite of all sorrows. The lake, too, seemed to have a cheering influence on him. He gazed on it with dreamy eyes, as he paced its bank, smoking his segar, and sometimes amused Jack, by skipping stones along its surface for that childish quadruped to chase. And then the bathing; he said it cooled his head to dive; perhaps he hoped it might cool his heart, too. At any rate, dive he did, with a pertinacity I never saw equalled. Especially he loved diving from the side of an old stranded and half-sunken schooner, which lay in a nook not much frequented by the other bathers, whose frolics and noise were perhaps a little too much for a man determined to be gloomy. Wrecks are not voiceless, on our lake; they tell sad tales; and the Doctor had had his share in the sad scenes they bring us, and done his part in

the painful duties they demand; for, though temporarily rather grim, he had the kindest heart in the world, and that warm and active sympathy of nature which wins love, irresistibly, from every soul, except, perhaps, the one person whom perversely such a nature chooses to single out for adoration. Lavished love is never prized at its worth; that which comes when we least expect it, is exquisitely precious. Not most valuable, indeed, but most flattering, and, therefore, oftenest successful.

Down at Park View, there were some agreeable people, though their name was not legion, that not being a common surname, as yet, out West. Among the guests, Miss Evans and her mamma made their appearance at the hotel, one afternoon; and when I saw the young lady's unaffected surprise at meeting the Doctor, and her entire absence of surprise at meeting my sister, it suggested itself to me that the last-named lady might possibly have had a hand in bringing Miss Evans down, although she would not own it to me, looking upon me as too confidential with Doctor Brown to be intrusted with so delicate a secret.

The pretty Sara was paler than she used to be. And thinner too. The rounded outlines of her perfect chin and throat were not so full as of old, and her straight eyebrows and smooth forehead seemed tightened, as if by backward pressure at the temples. Had she been thinking of any thing particular? Do young ladies ever, on reflection, think they may have been mistaken in their own feelings at some past day? Perhaps not. I dare say the fact is, that the dear good girl had worked hard, and only made a bare living for herself and her mother. Poor thing! Dinging crotchets and quavers into little heads already full of crotchets of their own, and ready to break into very unmusical quavers of their own at having these original crotchets interfered with — this is hard work, and I fancy Miss Evans was beginning to see that her glorious independence was a pretty severe lot.

It is a good thing for her admirers, when any young girl begins to feel the need of something to lean on; something unlike herself, the complement, as it were, of her nature; having boldness contrasted to her modesty, ambition to her humility, logic to her conscience, justice to her benevolence, skepticism to her credulity; in short, stubbornness to her pliability, and strength to her weakness, all through. Fortunate it is for us all that such feelings of need *do* come over girls, for if they did not, alas for our matrimonial chances! We are none of us, of the sterner sex, modest enough, or humble or conscientious or benevolent or pliable enough to be acceptable, according to the standard the dear beings set for themselves — and each other.

To some such state of mind had our beauty, our heroine, just arrived. If her surviving parent had been father instead of mother, I think it probable that she would have clung to him with perfect contentment and fulness of joy. But then this history would never have been written, for she would have asked no hero but her father, and if he had lived only a few years, why — she would have been an old maid, and that's all!

'But as he did not live — of course — the Doctor —'

Exactly, madam. The Doctor *might have* now pressed his suit with good prospects of success, *if* he had not, months before, made his throw, and lost.

As it was, he had, in his own opinion, no better chance than any one else. Not so good, in fact, for he would have much to unbuild before he could begin building a fabric of romantic attachment, in place of the terrible 'friendly regard' in which Sara coolly held him.

So the Doctor took his walks alone, or with Jack, and Sara took hers alone, or with her mother, each probably thinking on the subject to him and her most agreeable in the world — namely, Sara Evans. And the summer wore on, and the Doctor played soft music, and Miss Evans went and came, and if it were not that you know that I should have no business to tell a story unless it had a better ending than this would be, you might as well shut the book, dear reader, for the case is hopeless. But take heart of grace, and we'll see what we shall see.

CHAPTER THIRD.

'Why, Jacu, what's the matter?' For Jack is coming up through the bushes, making the very best use of his lungs which is consistent with the very best use of his legs.

'Help! help! help! help!' he calls, almost as plainly as a man could say it. Then he bursts into view, and runs toward Miss Evans, with the most beseeching agony in his wild eyes. Next he seems to conclude, 'You are of no use — only a woman after all!' for he tears away toward the hotel; but suddenly turns, on seeing that there is no time to go there and back.

'Poor Jacu! Good doggy! Do n't Jack, you've torn my flounce!'

'Woe! woe! wo-o-o-oe!' Jack strains out, in inarticulate murmurs, through his teeth, clenched in Miss Evans's dress, as he pulls her with might and main toward the lake, swaying his head over and over, from side to side, in the intensity of his efforts to make her go with him.

'Suppose he should be mad! But no. His coat is soaking wet. Yes! yes! poor doggy! I'll come.'

'Bow-wow-wow' — ad infinitum, illustrated by insane rushes toward the lake, and back to, and round, Miss E. (Translation :) 'Oh! why don't you come faster! You'll be too late! I'd be ashamed to stand up on my hind feet, as you do, and go so slow, when something dreadful was happening,' or words to that effect.

'Yes, yes, poor Jacu! I'll come as fast as I can through these dreadful bushes. That's right! You go on down, and I'll be there presently.'

Then, as she comes in sight of the lake, rolling lots of stones down the steep bank, before her sliding footsteps —

'O horror! There he lies, dead on the deck of the schooner! No! It's only his clothing! He's drowned! What is that Jack has in the water? His master's hand! What can this mean? HELP! HELP! HELP!'

'Help! help! help!'

The mocking echoes replied. The old, plaintive howl came bubbling and gurgling from the poor dog's jaws, as he tugged away with might and main at the helpless hand, now disappearing with it, and now coming up again, his white fore-paws glistening quick and fruitlessly just beneath the surface.

'Sara,' she said to herself, 'now is your time of trial. Be true to yourself, and save a life.' Yet she shuddered, and looked wildly around to see if no other help was near. No! So she steps rapidly along the sunken rail of the schooner, in the cold, cruel, deepening water. She keeps a hand on the cabin sky-light, to steady herself as far out as that lasts — then there remain two terrible, unsupported steps beyond. She slips and staggers, with arms out-stretched, and that terrible mass of floating skirts around her; then she grasps the taffrail with both hands, and at last she has the cold, white hand in hers!

But the horrid, ghastly burden will not come! She pulls it, and finds it move a little. So far it follows the hand, as she draws it toward her, and then surges heavily and slowly back again, like some hideous load one dreams of in a nightmare. One more effort. The weird-looking, floating hair comes to the surface. She must lift the body away from the wreck a little; so, stooping forward, she lets go the friendly support, depending only on her poor little distant, uncertain feet, winds her arms round the unconscious neck, and lifts with all her remaining strength. The something that had held the body down, gives way, and it surges back no more.

It draws in almost easily, with one of her hands wound in the collar, while she steadies her steps with the other. Easily, that is, till the heavy shoulders strand on the sand of the beach, and then all her powers are no more than sufficient to drag the head up to where the waves will not overflow the face. There it lies! 'Oh! what shall I do?' she cries, as a flood of despairing tears mingle with the cold drops on the face; and the poor dog's yelping chimes in always with her fears. She rubs the hands with all her strength, but such a little effort seems absurdly ineffectual. Jack keeps on licking his master's face, and whining piteously. Sara tries to turn the inanimate frame on its side, as recommended in the 'Directions' for such cases. Vain! The square, slopeless shoulders lie there, like a cross of stone, and she cannot move them over. Can it be that this mass of *thew* and *sinew* shall never again be stirred by the power of its own life? Must she leave him for DEAD?

Oh! what *shall* she do? what *shall* she do? How produce one single contraction in those water-logged lungs? One more desperate effort. She falls on the broad chest, heavily, with both knees, and so suddenly as to startle back the dog; a gush of blood and water bursts from the mouth and nose of the drowned. The eyes unclosed, and, after a moment of frightful wandering *strabismus*, their look settles on her face. The poor fellow has changed from a thing to a man again.

Now her task is done, but not her trial. After the first feeling of joy and relief, she turns sick and faint at thought of her own instinctive rashness. But soon, impelled by fear and shame, she turns to fly toward the hotel, as well as the yielding sand, and her soaked shoes, and heavy, heavy skirts will let her. At the distance of a few rods, she stops to breathe, and to look back and see whether he still seems to be recovering. Yes! he is resting on one elbow, exactly in the position of the Dying Gladiator, while the water, in fearful throes, pours up from his lungs.

Sara presses her hands to her burning face, as if she would crush her eye-balls back into her brain. 'Why must it be for *me* to do?' she says, as she hurries wildly along, in the vain effort to run away from her thoughts. 'Oh! how *could* I?' are the words often repeated; but the four words, as written and printed, give scarcely more of the harrowing sound that bursts from her lips than any other four words in the language would do. Some of us have heard the 'Oh!' of a woman in intense anguish of mind or body. It is made by a convulsive *inspiration* of the breath; not an *expiration*. But those who have heard it need no reminder, and as for those who have not, let us hope they never may!

The fates favored the dear heroine—they should be forever forsworn if they had not—and she reached the house unobserved, and soon found herself in her own room and alone, her mother being away in town. There my sister found her, soon after, hiding her face in her pillow, and sobbing as if her heart would break. But she would not tell a word, then, of what the matter was. The state of her clothing told a part of the story; but beyond that, the mystery was impenetrable. On the other hand, she made my sister promise never to tell even what she did know. Imagine the feelings with which the latter young lady closed the door, and left Sara to her secret!

When Brown found himself partially recovered, his first care was to find his presentable apparel, and get home somehow or other. Few thoughts occupied his cloudy and aching brain; yet he was generous enough, even then, almost to regret that Sara, sensitive and delicate to a fault, should have been fated to find him, and forced to act in so trying an emergency. An egotist, as much in love as he, might have thought, 'We love those whom we benefit,' and one could hardly blame him, either. But Brown's feeling was: 'Sara will be mortified if it should be known that she dragged me out of the water, and threw herself upon me to save my life.' So he went to bed and took some brandy, and then slept an hour or two, waking in time to appear at tea, as if nothing had happened. 'Miss Evans will not come down,' thought he, 'and there must not seem to be any simultaneity in our movements in the eyes of all these people, whom she will wish to keep in ignorance of her share in my afternoon's adventure.' Sara, by going through a similar course of reasoning, had come to the same conclusion; he would not get down, and if she were away, her absence might in some way be connected with his. So they were both there.

'Why, Doctor! *Doctor!* what *is* the matter with you? Your eyes are all bloodshot, and you look as if you had just seen your great-grandmother!'

'I came very near seeing her, and all my other deceased relatives, this afternoon.'

'Mercy! How? What do you mean? Do tell us all about it!'

'By the simple method of joining their society in the land of ghosts.'

(Chorus.) 'O dear!—how awful!'

'Yes, indeed, ladies. You'll probably none of you ever come so near—at least I hope not—except once; and then you'll never come back to tell of it.'

'Are you in earnest?'

'Certainly.'

'How was it, then?'

'I dove off the high side of the old sunken schooner, as is my custom of an afternoon, and suppose I must have struck my head on the davit which projects from the low side of the stern, but which I thought had been broken off and washed away long ago. I cannot speak to further particulars, from much practical knowledge of the matter, for the first I knew, Jack here was licking my face on the beach. And then I found a preposterous development of the bump of firmness on the top of my head; I suppose it must have absorbed some of that quality from the timber it struck.'

'Dear me! how horrid! And Jack saved you! How obliged we all are to Jack! Come here, Jackie! Come here, good dog!'

But Jack declined changing from the affectionate position of sitting with his chin resting on his master's knee, and gazing up into his face with all his eyes. That was happiness enough, now, for him, he thought. His tail described one semi-circle on the floor, when his master spoke his name, and laid his hand on his head; otherwise he might have been a beautiful canine statue cut in ebony and ivory, for all movement there was about him. But he seemed to experience a sudden change of heart in regard to the contempt in which he usually held young ladies. He withdrew his head from his master's hand, and walked quietly over to where Miss Evans was sitting, laid himself down in front of her, and fixed on her face the same soft, wistful eyes he had just been devoting to his master's.

And she: did she think that the proper way to appear unconscious was to sit silent and pale, with her head bent over her work, while such an account of peril to her friend was being recited? In truth, she did not think much about it — only wished the earth would open and swallow her up.

Fortunately for her, there was an explanation to her behavior, more evident than the true one, and it being at the same time a romantic theory, the company at once accepted it. Mysterious whispers might have been heard in most of the bowers of beauty at the Park View House that night. 'Did you see how pale Sara Evans looked when Dr. Brown was telling of his escape? It's all very fine for her to pretend she do n't care for him. I know better! The idea!' (They pronounced it 'the eyedy.') 'Just because she's pretty — or thinks herself so! I guess the Doctor'll never give her another chance! Good for her, too!' etc., etc.

My sister denied that she had any curiosity as to how Sara had come into such a plight of tears and be-draggled-ness. Curiosity! No, indeed! But she considered it her DUTY, she said, to insist on a full confession, as the only terms on which she could consent to conceal it from Mrs. Evans.

When poor Sara had made a clean breast of it, her sobs recommenced, and she would not be comforted. 'What *will* he think of me! I'm sure he would rather have died than that I should be the one to find him! I can never look him in the face again. Why *could* n't it have been any one else?'

'As to what he thinks of you, my dear, I do n't see that it's of much con-

sequence. You know that you've done your duty. That's enough! But if you really wish to know what he thinks about it, I can guess — and my guess is, that he thinks you are destined to be his guardian angel, whether you will or no, and that he'll come to-morrow and tell you so.'

A look of firm and threatening determination came over the dear, handsome face, as Sara disengaged herself from her indiscreet friend's arms, and they talked no more that night. When Miss Evans was alone in her own room, she thought — oh! dear, how savagely she did think!

'I did only what I would have done for a perfect stranger. He will come to thank me in the morning. I will receive him with icy unconsciousness, and leave the room instantly!'

Morning came, but the Doctor did not. He drove early to town.

'I dare say he will write me a note full of hateful gratitude. I know his hand, and will return it to him, unopened, through the mail!'

No note made its appearance.

The fact is, the Doctor had been cogitating too. He agreed with Sara in thinking she would have done as much for any stranger. Yet the proposition that his whole future object in life should be to give *her* comfort and spare *her* pain, seemed too obvious a one to call for any process of reasoning. It was evident from her behavior that the sight of him must always hereafter be painful to her. So those dear eyes should forever be a sealed book to him henceforth. She should never see him again. He could get into practice somewhere else, and there were plenty of doctors in Chicago. So that was settled.

Then he owed to her all he had in the world. What would his interests on earth be to him now if it were not for her? Whatever he had must be hers. It might, at least, lessen her anxiety for her mother's support. She could not object. She should not. She was never to see him again. He would not even give any thing to *her*, for fear of making her feel obliged to him — hateful idea! No! He would settle it on her mother. And his early ride to town was for the purpose of making arrangements to sell the two or three lots that represented his savings thus far in life.

Romantic, was n't it? But, remember, here was a woman with whom he was already as much in love as any man can be. Then add to this that she had put him under the greatest obligation that a man can be put under. And farther, it was of a kind that evidently made him repulsive to her! Then, if you were to ask me whether there was, behind all, a secret hope that she would regret him, when gone, and perhaps let him know of her regret; I cannot answer. Such chimeras do drive some lovers to sea, and some to suicide. I'm sure that if there was any such spring of action, the Doctor himself was unconscious of it. His only thought, as he hastened to make these 'little sacrifices' to her, was, regret that he could not do something more. I think it would have soothed his feelings to intercept a dragon, approaching to attack her.

He came down to Park View in the afternoon, hoping — yes, positively *hoping* that he should not meet Miss Evans. But there she was, walking the piazza with her mother, who had just returned. Others were there too, but

he scarcely saw them. Some of them managed to meet him just as he came up the steps.

'Why, Doctor! We hear that you are going away from Park View! You need not be afraid of the lake now. It won't hurt you if you don't go near it. We'll protect you.'

'I must really go back to town, Miss Chatterbox — Chatterton, I mean. You've no idea of the crowds of people who die every night, merely because I am not in my office to be called up and prescribe for them. Mourning goods are rising enormously in consequence.'

'Oh! nonsense. We shall all put on mourning if you go, so where is the difference? Besides, Mrs. — tells us that you have decided to move away from Chicago.'

'Yes, I fear I am becoming too necessary to Chicago, and if I stay, people will forget how to die without my treatment.'

'Oh! don't talk so, for mercy's sake! To be sure, there are some people that I shouldn't like to see live forever! But do you know you are late for our boat-ride, and you see we're all ready — or have you forgotten all about it?'

It was too true — the Doctor had forgotten his engagement; but he put the best face he could on the matter. Mrs. Evans and her daughter were of the party. Sara noticed that his hand did not even close on hers as he helped her in. 'Surely,' thought she, 'he'll want to pull in this boat.' Not he. 'Jump in,' he called cheerily to me, 'and pull for your life, for I'll be after you like a hurricane.'

Miss Evans said nothing during the sail; perhaps her thoughts were fixed on the sinewy arms that were propelling the other boat round and round ours.

The saddle-horses met them at their return. Miss Evans had to forego on that occasion, the accustomed assistance of the Doctor's firm hand in mounting. He was very deeply engaged in some mysterious complication in the arrangement of Miss Chatterton's stirrup. So I had to hand her up, (an unaccustomed duty for me,) and Dr. Brown rode by Miss Chatterton's side, (an unaccustomed pleasure for her,) and suffered a kind of pleasant pain under her continued innuendoes that she knew some one whose request would change the Doctor's determination of departing, as he said he should, after 'early breakfast' next morning.

So the lover let his idol severely alone. Cruel Doctor! You ought to have gone one step farther in your amiable philosophizing, and seen that it would have been a relief to Sara to have the opportunity of rebuffing or repelling you in some way, so as not to throw *all* the mortification on her, giving her no chance to retaliate. What could she do? Women and children cry when they are hurt. So when she was alone, she cried — first from mortification at her anomalous position; secondly, a kind of admiring and envying vexation that he should carry matters off with such a high hand; lastly, with self-blame, for being such an unreasonable self — she who had always before been so reasonable!

Well! She was very unhappy. He was going away. Of course it was on her account. That must not be. He ought to know that she did not blame

him at all. Blame him for what? For being drowned? Absurd! Why did he not speak to her? He looked pale yet, poor fellow!

Thus reasoning, she came to a conclusion that she almost suspected must be a wrong one — it sent such a thrill of happiness to her heart! Still, cool reflection showed no reason to change her mind, and, after looking in the glass as if to question her own identity, she hid her sweet face in her pillow, blushing at the happy train of thought her new resolve had given rise to.

CHAPTER FOURTH.

THOMAS BROWN, Esq., M.D., sat on the porch next morning, waiting for breakfast and a horse, a very miserable man indeed. In the excitement of doing good to his darling, unknown to her, he had forgotten that really and truly when he never saw her any more, *he never should see her any more*; that is, he had forgotten how much the simple words meant to him. He had forgotten that when he left her he left hope too. He had forgotten what landmarks in his life had been the times when he could exchange a few words with her; how he had looked forward from one interview to another, thinking of all the rest of his hours only as approaching or receding from the precious ones spent in her beloved society. And now — poor Doctor! No, Jack, you cannot amuse your master this morning. He sits with his forehead squeezed in his hands, trying to benumb his brain, as it were, and shut out the cruel regret which is ringing in his ears and wringing his heart, for the first time in weeks.

Suddenly Jack ceased his unnoticed gambols about his master, and dashed into the hall, where he seemed to find new fuel for the most extravagant joy. The gentle rustle of a dress brought the Doctor to his feet, and — Miss Evans stood before him, looking too beautiful for his eyes to dare to rest on. He could have taken his affidavit that her head was encircled by an aureole, although common folk would merely have remarked that she had beautiful light brown hair, and a becoming flat straw-hat on.

The Doctor blushed deep and bowed low, without an audible word. Miss Evans, half-pausing, said gently, 'Good morning, Doctor,' and walked slowly down the steps, and out on the gravel-walk, half-hoping and half-fearing that he would follow her. He did not dare, though he gazed after her with a bewildered look, as if he would have given some years of his life to be allowed to do so. And poor Jack! If ever a quadruped expressed a desire to be able to speak, he did so at that moment. He grieved at Miss Evans's departure. He was in despair at his master's staying behind. He tried his best to make himself ubiquitous, and go with the one, while he staid with the other; raced up the steps to the Doctor, making the most persevering efforts to lubricate his countenance; then cleared the railing and tore after the retreating figure of the lady, in the mean time uttering the following remarkable language:

'Bow-wow-wow!' and so on by the minute together.

Now I translate these remarks (illustrated by those actions) somewhat in this way: 'What makes you behave so? Why don't you love her as I do?

Do n't you know it was she, and not I, that saved your life? O dear! why *can't* I speak and talk like other people?

It's of no use, doggy. The breakfast-bell rings and the Doctor disappears, orders something, he knows not what, and falls vigorously to reading the morning paper upside down. After eating all that is set before him — or nothing at all, he cannot exactly remember which — he starts up, calls for his horse in a tragic voice, and goes to look for Jack. Whistles: no Jack responds. He ventures a little way down the path. There is all he loves in the world — his treasure done up in white muslin and straw — and, as I live! there lies Jack demurely beside her! What can it mean? Why, the fact is, she has tied her handkerchief to his collar, and is holding that with one hand while she presses down his black nozzle with the pretty pink palm of the other, to keep him quiet till his master comes to claim him.

'I think it is such a pity we must lose him,' she exclaimed, 'just when we have all learned to like him so.'

'I am very sorry' — began the poor, bashful, low-spirited swain, and could get no farther.

Miss Evans began again, with considerable effort, 'I have been afraid that you were going away for my — on my account.'

'Do not think so, Miss Evans, if the thought is painful to you. My dearest — object in life, is to spare you any — even one moment's discomfort — of any kind —'

'Then why do you take Jacu away?' (asked with bowed head, and caresses to that enviable canine, that ought to have driven him perfectly wild, raving, crazy with delight.)

'May I leave him? It would be only a pleasure ——' Eyes fixed on the ground.

'No, sir, you may *not* leave him!' (given with a stamp of the foot at the word 'not,' and followed by a rising color and redness of eyelids that betokened approaching tears.)

'Then — O Miss Evans! — Sara — I pray God I don't misunderstand you ——'

But at this point the story-teller must leave off. He dare not enter upon such sacred ground.

If the Doctor had hastened away to town even now, he might have prevented the sale of his lots; but what did he care for lots or money that morning? The lots were sold, and that being July of the 'panic year,' the selling of them was all of a piece with his other good luck. Six months afterward, he might have had several other lots from the unfortunate buyer as a bonus to annul the bargain he made.

I went to the wedding. It was nothing special. Very much like other weddings, indeed. White-vested youths leading up an infinite succession of people to bow to a pale, tired bride. It probably seemed to her as if she were acting a part in some play — fictitious name and all — and that she should put off her assumed character, with her dress, (and name, too,) as soon as the audience had gone — as she wished they would.

I have no doubt I made myself very absurd by asking after Jack. He was tied in the yard. He always makes such a fuss, you know, when any thing is going on. And then the ladies' thin dresses, too! Certainly, I could see him, if I would go on an exploring expedition.

He was not in the yard. He had barked so, they had to put him in the cellar. There he was, to be sure! And the girl, finding no where to fasten him conveniently, had tied the rope to the window-grating, although that made it too short to let him lie down. He was more disappointed to find that it was not his master, than glad to see me, even in that dismal coal-hole. Still, my firm belief is, that the white tuft on the end of his tail travelled a mile while I was down there with him. I gave him all the sympathy of my heart, and all the wedding-cake in my pocket. (To be sure, there was plenty more of the latter up-stairs.) Then I apostrophized him thus:

O doggy! such is the fate of many who amuse, instruct, and serve the world most enthusiastically. Thou'rt not alone, poor Jack, in finding thyself considered only while convenient, but forgotten in the day of the rewards. May the rest, like thee, wait with patience and humility for their turn to serve again, and, when it comes, may they (as thou dost) find their ample pleasure in causing joys whereof others are to reap the fruition.

MORAL.

Women and Newfoundlands care most for those in whose service they make most sacrifices; least for those most devoted to them.

 THE PAST OF LIFE.

I LOVE the Past! Its teachings tell
 The listening heart its own wild story;
 Its youthful dreams of fame and glory,
 With love's bright spell
 Inwoven and blended like the light
 Of distant stars at night.

I love the Past! Its records bear
 Affection's earliest, fondest traces,
 The lines of first familiar faces;
 The words of prayer
 First gathered by my infant ear,
 In tones forever dear.

I love the Past! Its memories cling
 Around my heart, like hopes of heaven!
 And bright as sun-light hues at even,
 Or seraph's wing,
 Comes back the first-born hope to me
 Of immortality!

A D R E A M .

BY W. D. HOWELLS.

It was broad day-light when Geoffrey awoke from a dream that often haunted his sleep. There was neither order nor sequence in the dream. It was merely the presentiment of an event related to no immediate cause, and always in its result dispelling sleep. It had also this strange quality, that it referred at no time to any actual occurrence of his life, and that as often as he dreamed it, he had the consciousness that it was the reproduction of a former illusion, yet he always awoke with the sense of its actual fulfilment as near at hand.

His perfect slumber was invaded by a vague presence, which assumed the form and aspect of his cousin, whose warm, deep eyes bent looks of unutterable sadness and passion upon him. He made a movement as to embrace her, but with a quick gesture she held him away. It was a gesture which he had seen young girls use with each other — a lightning-swift action that repels but for an instant. As often as Geoffrey dreamed of this action, he commented in his dream upon its naturalness. Thus holding him away, his cousin seemed to peruse his soul with those great eyes, into which it made him wild and dizzy to look; and then, as if smitten with a sudden weakness, her resisting aspect melted away, and she fell with a sob upon his heart. That was the end of his dream.

The robins were singing in the door-yard elms, and the martens were gossiping noisily about their little house on the crest of the gable. The sun came in through the wind-shaken creeper at the window, and dappled the white floor with tremulous light and shadow. The farmer was mowing the grass in the orchard, and the hoarse *wash* of the scythe smote pleasantly upon the ear.

It was with a sweet pain that Geoffrey glanced over the room, and saw that it was almost unchanged since the time when he slept in it a child; and he puzzled himself again in a childish way, trying to give significance to the vague shapes traced by the lines in the cracked ceiling.

Breakfast awaited him when he went down, and he chatted and gossiped with the farmer's wife as he ate. She told him who were gone west, and who were married, and who were dead. She had been an old playmate of his, and the one whom he most delighted to draw to school upon his sled. They laughed about that now, but it made Geoffrey's heart sad to think of it.

The farmer's wife glanced from Geoffrey's handsome, gentle face to the low front and sordid visage of her husband, and sighed. Poor woman! it made her something discontented; and when the baby put its hand in the butter, she boxed its ears with energy. After that, there was not any more talk.

It is hard to tell with just what thoughts a young man goes back to the

home of his childhood. With that tender sentiment and yearning for old things which he feels, is mixed a half-contempt for them. He sees nothing there but a skeleton of the past, which his own life had once animated. He comes to despise the past, and his own former self. The events of that time, like the houses and distances of the place, are all shrunken and dwarfed.

Geoffrey walked from the old farm into the village, and passed up the long street, under the dark maples. These shade-trees were the only things that had grown in the last seven years. Dulldale was scarcely larger; the buildings that he once thought great, looked mean; and the people whom he recognized had an indefinable air of having fallen away from some former grandeur. No one knew him, and he was at no pains to make himself known.

He was full of a vain and selfish melancholy, and he chose to 'guard his strangeness.' There is something flattering to the vanity of youth in the consciousness of one that he is greatly changed, however much the show of it in others may pain him.

Geoffrey would hardly acknowledge to himself the reason which had brought him to Dulldale. That event which he had believed to desolate his life had more than once been a theme of laughter with him. Once he had delighted to think, with the droll earnestness of youth, that the autumn of his soul was at hand; that he was a barren tree, from which the blasts of fate had stripped the leaves. Men who are not fools think such preposterous things with less cause than he. Afterward, he found that this was only a mock-autumn; that no winter, but a summer, followed it. He was a tree, from the tender blossoms of which a chill spring-breeze had merely shaken the petals.

It had not been without emotion that he received the announcement of her marriage. Though he recalled with a smile the time when he thought it must break his heart if she wedded that man, it was with a sigh of relief that he laid away the interesting paragraph in a package of her letters. He believed that a painful passage in his life was thus closed forever. Had she remained unmarried, he felt that his heart must ever have had its secret yearnings toward her. As it was, these were now impossible. The self-deception was natural.

When, afterward, her husband died, he reasoned with himself, and persuaded himself that he was really indifferent. And indeed it was true that he thought less of her than of himself in relation to the old passion. He occupied himself with affairs, and strove to forget it wholly, with tolerable success; but in his hours of solitude, some incident of those dear days would haunt him. Sometimes he awoke in the middle of the night, and thought of her. A feeling of curiosity usurped desire. The wish to see her again, and judge her by his manhood's standard, took possession of him by degrees, and by degrees he yielded to it.

He was therefore in Dulldale.

It was a day of June, and the winds came across the meadows with fragrant whispers; their voices, in gossip with the leaves of the maples, and the sweet smell of the roses and honeysuckles in the door-yards, charmed and deepened his melancholy.

He did not observe that he had walked so far, till he stood with his hand upon the well-known gate. Here, too, was little change. There had been a new lattice made for the honeysuckle to clamber upon, and the house had been repainted. That was all. The flower-beds, on either side the walk to the door, were gay with pinks and tulips and flags, as of yore, and the old house-dog, asleep on the stone step, seemed not to have moved for seven years. His aunt sat at the window sewing, for in small places the ladies are economical of passers, and prefer to work in rooms commanding views of the street. The old lady glanced at him through her glasses, but failed to recognize him.

At the sound of his foot upon the walk, the dog sprang up with a fierce challenge, and the old lady came to the door to silence him. Scanning Geoffrey more closely, she knew him, and greeted him as kindly as she could. She was a cold woman, of few words; and after brief inquiries, she told him that she had taken him for a peddler at first.

Geoffrey smiled, remembering his aunt's virtuous loathing of peddlers, in the past.

'But you don't look like a peddler, near by,' she added. 'It is my eyes were at fault. Sit here, and I will call your cousin. She will be glad to see you.'

The old place. The tables with their books — the Bible, Mrs. Hemans' poems, and 'The Course of Time' — the bureau, with its glass knobs — the picture of General Washington over the chimney-piece, with vases of impossible tomatoes in plaster, on either side.

There are those who, without having mingled with the world, have that ease and self-possession which familiarity with it bestows. In certain foolish moments, Geoffrey had thought to surprise and confound his cousin, when he should meet her, by his superior manner and courtly reticence. He revelled in the anticipated enjoyment of her abasement and regret, when she should come to see what sort of man she had trifled with — a man not only of excellent mind and conversation, but of elegant presence. He invented scenes and dialogues, in which he played the forgiving but dignified and inaccessible patron, and she the frightened, fluttering, embarrassed recipient of his polite attentions.

Ah! well, are we to be judged by our foolish thoughts? Thank heaven, no! but by how much or how little restraint we put upon them.

When his cousin entered the room, it was without the least awkwardness or hesitation. Perhaps she had an intuitive perception of his feeling, and cared to defeat him a second time. Women know so many things by instinct.

Geoffrey arose with a burning face and a tumultuous heart. She gave her hand with promptness and kindness, and made him feel very boyish again, as she used to do. The victory was with her only for a moment. Geoffrey recovered himself, and while she talked, he regarded her face and her words closely.

She was very beautiful. Her ripe womanhood was lovelier than her girlish grace, which was, indeed, not lost, but was grown into that, as the tenderness and grace of the bud is glorified in the perfect flower.

She was very beautiful; and yet to her cousin's eye the old light was no longer in the comely face. Fair and blooming as ever, it was yet indescribably faded. It was as if the soul within was faded. Geoffrey could not consider then that there had never been any light such as he looked for there, but only the reflection of the glow in his own heart. Afterward he remembered this.

Clara wore her widow's weeds, and played at times with her child. She bade it go to him, and when it would not, she said daringly that the gentleman was an old flame of mamma's. 'Do you know what *flame* is, darling?' Then kisses, and caresses, and baby-talk. 'Come,' she said, and took the little one in her arms, and went and sat beside Geoffrey: 'Is n't she pretty? Do you think she has my eyes?' and she turned those eyes upon him, full.

All this, and more, displeased the old lover: why, he could not tell. He had expected to be bored by tender reminiscences and last dying speeches of the dear, departed one, but his cousin said nothing of her husband, and he did not like it. 'She would have forgotten me as soon,' he thought.

When she turned her great eyes upon him, he met their glances unabashed. His cheek was wont to flood if she looked at him. It was pale and cool now.

They talked together of their old love-affair in a laughing way — he with that ease that the world had given him, she with the nonchalance natural to her. She was very good-natured and witty, and she made him laugh. He admired her beauty and sprightliness, and he loved her less than ever. The whole interview was of so different a nature from that he had intended, he was quite bewildered. His cousin had evoked a false and mocking spirit from him, and he answered her talk with bitter badinage, till he grew to doubt the reality of the scene. At last, baffled, disappointed, and vexed, he arose to go.

How long was he going to stay in the village? she asked.

He went away to-morrow.

Would he come and spend the evening with her?

No, he had business.

She had glided toward him, and stood looking in his face without the doubt that he would accept her invitation. Her manner till then had been of cousinly familiarity. At his harsh, curt refusal, it changed instantly. It was as if his coldness had frozen her.

'Good-by, then,' she said briefly, while she watched him narrowly, but did not offer her hand.

Geoffrey exulted; but the whole scene seemed more like an illusion than ever.

'What! cousin,' he cried. 'You won't give me your hand, at parting? You were kinder once.' He took her hand, that hung listless at her side, and drew her toward him. As in his dream, she raised her arm, and held him away, regarding him with sad, passionate eyes for an instant. Then the tears came, and she permitted and returned his embrace, clasping his neck with her arms, while her heart beat wildly against his breast. He kissed her lips; but even then a sense of the unreality filled his thoughts. 'Good-by,' he said, and went.

That was the end of his dream.

Like one who reasons in his sleep, and struggles to be awake, he had struggled; and now he was awake, never again in any sleep to dream that dream. The golden charm was broken forever; the beautiful illusion was dispelled.

His lonely life was lonelier for the loss. It made the past hateful, and the future full of doubt.

THE LEGEND OF COUNT ERNEST OF KLETTENBURG.

BY EDWARD SPRAGUE RAND, JR.

I.

Ho! whither rides Count Ernest,
In the gray of the Sabbath morn,
Ere the morning-star is setting,
Or the sun's first rays are born?

II.

And why, ere the early twilight,
Does he leave his bed of ease,
To spur his steed o'er the gullied road,
'Gainst the frosty autumn breeze?

III.

In the good old town of Elrich,
The knights a revel keep,
And many are there from far and near,
To drink both long and deep.

IV.

For bright on the wall before them,
Hangs a chain of burnished gold;
With cunning hand have its links been wrought,
And they sparkle with gems untold:

V.

And this the prize to be worn by him
Who the bowl can oftenest drain—
Who, when all shall bow to the god of wine,
Victorious shall remain.

VI.

Oh! many and deep were the bumpers poured,
And the laugh and jest went round,

Till the sturdy revellers, one by one,
Lay senseless on the ground.

VII.

Till at last but four of the jovial crew
Were left to dispute the prize,
And three could only gaze around
With vacant and listless eyes.

VIII.

Then rose the Count, and with scornful laugh,
Raised high the brimming bowl :
With steady hand and unfaltering eye,
He boldly quaffed the whole—

IX.

Placed on the board the inverted bowl,
Then waved it high in air,
And twined the links of the jeweled chain
'Mid his locks of auburn hair.

X.

And forth he went, though with tottering step,
And called for his well-tried steed :
Four trusty squires the call obey,
And mount the knight with speed.

XI.

Oh ! long and well had the feast been kept,
And the day was near its close ;
The holy hours had sped away,
But little he recks or knows.

XII.

As, 'mid the shouting crowd, he rode
With speed on his homeward way,
Unheeded the sound of the vesper-bell—
As it called to the church to pray.

XIII.

In Elrich suburbs a chapel stands,
With carvings old and quaint,
And the peasants had met for vespers there,
To pray to the patron saint.

XIV.

Count Ernest heard the anthem peal,
And checked his steed awhile,
Then spurring on with headlong speed,
Rode up the centre aisle.

xv.

The song of praise grew loud, and then
In a cry of horror merged,
As up to the very altar-steps
His foaming steed he urged.

xvi.

O wonder! as the horse's feet
On the holy altar tread,
A cold sweat starts from every pore,
And his hair stands up with dread.

xvii.

The shoes drop off the horse's feet,
As he trembles in affright!
The chancel yawns—rider and horse
Sink slowly out of sight.

xviii.

The gulf is closed, the altar-stones
Stand firmly as before;
Count Ernest from the sight of men
Has passed for evermore.

xix.

The awe-struck peasants gather round,
While priests, with book and bell,
Take up the shoes, with muttered prayers,
To guard from Satan's spell.

xx.

And for a memory of the crime
To ages yet to be,
They nail them on the old church-doors,
Where all who pass may see.

xxi.

And even now, though years have fled,
Whene'er at call to prayer,
The peasants see them on the door,
They cross themselves with care:

xxii.

And often round the cottage-hearth
The aged matrons tell
Of the village-church of Elrich,
And all that there befell.

HAVE WE A PRINCIPLE AMONG US?

BY CHARLES GODFREY LELAND.

THE Shek'h Abdullah once sent to his neighbor, Hassan Alla'd Deen, to borrow a rope.

'He cannot have it,' replied Hassan; 'I have taken the rope to tie up a measure of sand.'

'What! tie up sand with a rope!' replied Abdullah.

'O friend!' retorted Hassan, 'it is easy to find a reason for using a rope *when one does not wish to lend it.*'

Long, long after this Oriental proverb had been acted out by the two Shek'hs, it came to pass that Brother Jonathan was for years reviled by John Bull, on account of his tolerating slavery.

On account of the bowie-knife.

On account of tobacco-chewing.

On account of Lynch law.

On account of repudiation.

On account of nullification.

On account of Congressional rowdiness.

On account of violent, vulgar, and ignorant diplomatic representatives in Europe.

On account of all sorts of social offences — nearly every one of which originated in and flourished in rich luxuriance in that part of Yankee Doodle-land which was not 'Yankee' at all — in that South which fiercely repudiated having any thing in common with three-fourths of the American Republic, and which, in fact, practically negated all republicanism, and all rights of the majority, with a bitterness unknown any where in the Old World.

It was because Jonathan's 'Sunny South' did these things, that John Bull reviled the American idea, snubbing it sorely, yes, treating it contemptuously, as though it were 'so very Irish,' or, 'foreign, you know.'

But finally, Jonathan found that his Sonny South was becoming altogether unbearable. Riotous, disorderly, ferocious. Needed a good licking. Required coercion. So he GAVE IT TO HIM, right and left — and, while giving, looked to John Bull for a little natural sympathy.

Foolish Jonathan! weak brother! to believe that a selfish, snarling, over-fed, bilious, grumbling, fault-finding, ever-detracting, unreasoning, one-eyed, savage old gentleman, ever *means* any thing by what he says — except fault-finding. So it came out, after years of ridicule — after thousands on thousands of British books and newspapers had attacked Jonathan — after the Nigger and the Bowie-knife had been made our national emblems — that John Bull had simply been gabbling, hissing, slandering. He had said to Jonathan for years:

'Why don't you do this? Shame on you!'

Jonathan began to do it. John grumbled worse than ever:

'You're scamps both of you. I do n't care who is beaten. In fact, I had rather see Cotton uppermost. Can't do without HIM, any way.'

But a reason must be found — even the most tyrannical old gentlemen are expected to do something more than merely abuse — and so John Bull found one after the fashion of the Shek'h Hassan.

'Other nations,' said John Bull; 'have gone to war for a PRINCIPLE. But you haven't got any principle, you know. You arn't fighting to liberate the negro. *That* would be a different affair, you know. You're fighting from cruel, bloody, selfish, tariff-ic notions, you know. You are humbugs.'

In the whole history of dirt-eating, from the time when Saturn swallowed earth and stones, down to Humboldt's record of the clay banquets of Orinoco, there is nothing so completely — nothing so absolutely, entirely, and perfectly mean — as this devouring his own words, as shown by John Bull, in his representative press. Nor is there in all the records of shabby, crawling, sneaking, puling, evasive falsehood, any thing more elaborately contemptible than that forlorn, beggarly whine:

'You are not contending for a Principle.'

The truth is, that not merely one, but several Principles, each of a very high order, are involved in this struggle. Some see the whole from one point, as a lapidary looks into a diamond, viewing its crystalline depths and glittering angles from a single facet. Thus from one point we may say — as we have already said — that 'the life of the Republic,' the principle of CONSTITUTIONAL LIBERTY is at stake. To the statesman this is the proper formula for enunciating the problem. The 'Rule or Ruin' theory, as acted out by the South, and indignantly opposed by the North, is a plain, common-sense principle, which with many covers the whole ground. Free soil in the territories was once held to be an intelligible explanation of the feud, but we have gone beyond that into higher issues. And to the student of social development, as set forth by domestic and politico-economical causes, there is yet another, which is probably apparent enough already to every analyst of Industrial progress — that of Labor.

We not contending for a principle! Aren't we, indeed!

Search the annals of noble deeds, then, and find me, if you can, a strife wherein the great principle of all principles — the holy maxim of the greatest good for the greatest number — was ever so rigidly and severely formulised, ever so carefully separated from petty or selfish side issues, ever so distinctly opposed and confronted to the antique, devil-doctrine of the subordination of the many to the few. Never yet — and God witnesses the truth — was the great principle of human progress so clearly and intelligently and knowingly opposed to the principle of Caste, of Aristocracy, of Immobility, as it now is in this battle. To those in this country who have for years past been reading Richmond sociologies, and New-Orleans editorials — who have seen Hammond's white Mud-Sill theory practically and theoretically endorsed as the true basis

of society, and who know what 'Our First Families' and 'Our Aristocracy' really *mean* in the South, this accusation of a want of a definite principle is ineffably ridiculous. All Americans, of all parties, know better. Even the bitterest enemies of the Union understand that FREE LABOR represents the continued struggle of the many upward into their rights — from subordination to capital, into a harmony of interests with capital. They understand that it is virtually a strife between the endless, restless, 'working and weaving in endless motion' of manufactures, and the never-moving condition of old-fashioned agriculture — and of slave agriculture at that. All of this has been more than felt or understood: it has been *expressed* — philosophically expressed — and accepted as formulising the doctrines of the North — those doctrines which Secession now repudiates and fights.

It was in the works of Henry Carey, of Philadelphia, that the doctrine of Labor, as a definition of Wealth, was first formally enunciated as the basis of a political economy. And it was during the Fremont campaign that these labor or free-labor doctrines, as correlative with the universal rights of man, and as opposed to the professed opposers of greasy mechanics, were first scattered broadcast among the people of America. That presidential campaign was, in all respects, the most important one which had ever taken place, for it witnessed a struggle based on a great and glorious idea — on an abstract principle — on the clearest and most distinct enunciation which the world has ever witnessed of the world's grandest and latest idea: 'The greatest good for the greatest number.' Hitherto, democracy had taken the crude form so popular with demagogues, of simply abusing capital — of talking as John Randolph did of old, of its oppressing labor, of a war to come between starving operatives and purse-proud factory nabobs. We have changed all that — changed it very much indeed. Capital, as it gradually learns its own interests, finds that it makes more by taking labor into partnership, than by 'enslaving' it. The American world has learned that the action of Capital is democratic — science is democratic — art is democratic — in short, in this age we live in, all activity or labor, all inventiveness and novelty, tend inevitably to benefit the masses. Little by little, all hopes of human progress, all delicate air-castles and tender and beautiful dreams of happiness, theories of improved education, reforms in law and advances in social life, all world-bettering and poetic aspirations, have, of late years, insensibly sunk into and based themselves on Free Labor and the action of Capital, as a synonym for active science and active intellect. 'Romance' is giving way to facts and nature; or rather, the imaginative have found a deeper and more glorious romance in the stupendous, growing realm of labor and of science, than ever Oriental bard or Western Trouveur word-painted for his auditors. This is the spirit and movement of the age; and it is in this spirit that the North lives, moves, and has its being.

Let us understand it, once and for all, clearly, that the principle or idea for which the North is contending, is that of the rights and dignity of Free Labor as contrasted to unprogressive aristocracy, or that inert respectability which, falling back on 'blood,' hereditary gifts, and mere possession, proclaims the

Mud-Sill doctrine as an immutable law of human nature. It is popularly said that the negro is the real subject of contention. But it is not the negro. It was the question of the social standing and rights of the poor *white* man which really built up the Republican party, and which now inspires the whole body of Union men. It was the taunt of Mud-Sills and of Greasy Mechanics, coupled with the practical assertion of the right of a high-blooded 'gentleman' to gutta-percha a 'lubberly, base-blooded Yankee' which gave the North its political majority. The country has *talked* 'negro' in this matter when it meant 'white man;' for it was the stinging vitriol of sneers at the operatives and 'bondsmen' of the North, far more than any sympathy for the black, which stirred those operatives up to opposition. It was unwisely done of the South, to say the least, this sneering at men with votes, for being what they could not help, and who, as a general thing, were quite willing to leave negro slavery untouched. The warmest friends of the South were indeed among this 'fierce democracy' of our Northern cities, among the mechanics whose labor supplied Tobacco-and-Cotton-dom with all manner of manufactured goods. These men, even in New-England, were only rarely and exceptionally abolitionists. Through the Middle States they were zealous pro-slaveryites. How could they be otherwise, arguing from their interests? they knew very well that cotton indirectly fed them. But the insults came, and they were angered. It has been said that every man has his price; it is quite as true that every man has his point of honor, and on this *point d'honneur* the Greasy Mechanics rebelled. Politicians and others waved the Abolition banner over their heads, but the majority never heeded it; the rights of free *white* labor were uppermost in their mind; and now they have gone forth strong of arm and brave of heart to vindicate them. If any man is so ill-informed as to doubt this, if he has been so dazzled or led astray by side issues as to doubt that the interest, dignity, and social progress of free white labor form the active Principle of the present struggle, let him turn back and study the popular influences which have been at work for the past half-dozen years. Let him look even at the changed character of political songs:

'The great F. F's of old Virginny, I envy them every day;
For making a dough-faced President to them is only play,
But I'm a wretched Northern serf, and cannot do any more
Than envy the lords of Old Virginny, of Old Virginia's shore.'

The proud sarcasm of these lines, and of many other lyrics like them, indicate a very different spirit from what many in Europe probably suspect to be the motive power of the present struggle—the spirit of Free Labor allied to a consciousness of strength which must eventually drive all before it. Why not? What is history but the record of the gradual progress of LABOR—the highest, holiest, most glorious attribute of humanity, through long centuries of oppression and torture, inflicted by laziness. Ay, *Laziness*, though it bore lance and mail, and fought fiercely, and preached earnestly, and wrote heavy books, rich with illumined gold, of the divine right of kings, and swept its armies to the field or the grave, in order to quell labor, or so limit it that labor should work for its lord only and not for itself.

Every fresh strife between Conservatism and Progress has been a battle between Free Labor and Laziness, and every century has seen the fight assuming more distinctly this form. But never yet did it assume so clearly such a form as it has done in the contest between the United and Confederate States of North-America. It is the real issue at stake; that which vitalizes the whole, giving it energy and strength. If John Bull, as set forth by his *Times*, believes us wanting in a principle, it must be because he is ignorant of our history.

'COTTON IS KING.'

Oh! have you heard that 'Cotton is King?'
And have you heard the song they sing
Down there in old Car'lina?
How Cotton reigns from shore to shore,
From Charleston round to Singapore,
By help of Cuff and Dinah?

How Cotton rules with iron hand
This famous Northern Yankee land,
Down there in old Car'lina?
And how John Bull, a surly dog,
Must reverence him, the great Magog,
As Hebrews the Shekinah?

But have you heard of toiling slaves
Whom he has sent to wretched graves,
Down there in old Car'lina?
And how, to cram his bloated purse,
He tortures soul and body worse
Than heathen do in China?

And have you heard the deeds of shame,
The deeds of blood without a name,
He does in old Car'lina?
Such deeds as make the pulses cold,
Such deeds as woke in wrath, of old,
The thunders of Mount Sinai?

Away with such a monstrous thing!
Away with such a wretched king!
Drive him from old Car'lina:
Break up his rule o'er market, bank,
With thaler, guilder, ruble, franc,
Ducat, and dime, and mina.

And if John Bull so thirsts for gain,
As still to hug the galling chain
He's worn in old Car'lina,
Then let him raise his idol there,
Where he can grab the lion's share,
Far-off in Pagan China.

CAVALRY SONG.

BY CHARLES GODFREY LELAND.

WEAPONED well to war we ride,
 With sabres ringing by our side —
 The warning knell of death to all
 Who hold the holiest cause in thrall:
 The sacred Right
 Which grows to Might,
 The day which dawns in blood-red light.

Weaponed well to war we ride,
 To conquer, tide what may betide,
 For never yet beneath the sun
 Was battle by the devil won;
 For what to thee
 Defeat may be,
 Time makes a glorious victory.

Weaponed well to war we ride —
 Who braves the battle wins the bride;
 Who dies the death for truth shall be
 Alive in love eternally:
 Though dead he lies,
 Soft, starry eyes
 Smile hope to him from purple skies.

Weaponed well to war we ride —
 Hurrah! for the surging thunder-tide,
 When the cannon's roar makes all seem large,
 And the war-horse screams in the crashing charge,
 And the rider strong
 Whom he bears along
 Is a death-dart shot at the yielding throng.

Weaponed well to war we ride:
 The ball is open, the hall is wide —
 The sabre, as it quits the sheath,
 And beams with the lurid light of death,
 And the deadly glance
 Of the glittering lance,
 Are the taper-lights of the battle-dance.

Weaponed well to war we ride —
 Find your foemen on either side,
 But wo to those who miss the time,
 Where one false step is a deadly crime:
 Who loses breath
 In the dance of death,
 Wins nor wears nor wants the wreath.

Weaponed well to war we ride—
Our swords are keen, our cause is tried;
When the keen edge cuts and the blood runs free,
May we die in the hour of victory!
We feel no dread;
The battle-bed,
Where'er it be, has heaven o'erhead.

REVELATIONS OF WALL-STREET:

BEING THE HISTORY OF CHARLES ELIAS PARKINSON.

BY RICHARD B. KIMBALL, AUTHOR OF ST. LEGER.

'Mistake me not for my complexion.'—MERCHANT OF VENICE.

II.

CHAPTER SEVENTH.

THOSE who, attracted by the title of these papers, have taken them up with the expectation of reading 'startling developments,' 'wonderful disclosures,' 'remarkable confessions,' or fancied in the various descriptions they would be able to see through the gauze-covering which should lightly mask a battery of satire upon certain notabilities of various grades, have ere this laid the 'Revelations' aside, disappointed, and probably in disgust. For, in presenting a narrative of some periods of my life, I have no animosity to gratify, no wounded pride to revenge, no shaft of ridicule to launch, and indeed nothing but the simple truth to record. Whoever shall recognize me through the name I have assumed, and happen to recall any of the incidents I now publish, will bear witness that I write with no malice and without exaggeration. We are all jogging along together. The various circumstances which now serve for daily excitement will soon pass and be forgotten; but the relations of one man to another, and of one set of men to another set of men, extend through generations, affecting our whole social life. What we want now, it seems to me, is to be introduced to the actual. What lies as substratum? What is the original necessity, and what the conventional? The various classes of mankind are all occupied. What are they about? To find out is the present fascination. One man drives to his office in Wall-street in a handsome carriage. How did he get that carriage, or rather, how was the money acquired that paid for it? He spends a few hours there, signs his name to several bits of paper, which put in motion various pieces of machinery, which produce for him certain valuable results. Satisfied with these results, and very

complacent with the day's operation, he goes back to his house, dines sumptuously, drinks his wine, smokes his cigars, attends the opera; and this is the history of that man's life, from one year to another, and the man himself is one of a species. Another trudges to Wall-street a poor, unfortunate wretch with a family, in circumstances the most straitened. He is a better-educated man than the first, has a more cultivated taste, is honester — worth more for soul and brain anywhere. Standing side by side before God, this is so. Looking at both, away from so dread a tribunal, we see one clad in garments originally expensive, but carefully brushed till they are thread-bare. We behold a face exhibiting traces of much mental suffering. We observe in the lines which mark it evidences of the struggles of the man as he resisted, step by step, the fate which was in store for him. We all remember the story of the prisoner who fancied one morning, as he awoke, that the walls of the lofty apartment in which he was confined did not seem as high as usual. Regarding the number of apertures in his grated window, he discovered the next morning one less. Another had disappeared the following day, and while he was reflecting on the singular circumstance, the terrible truth burst on him, that by the slow but sure action of the machinery which controlled the movable iron ceiling, he was to meet his death. Day by day it descended nearer and nearer. There was no escape — no hope of an escape. The man we are looking at is in the same sort of prison-house. His fate is just as certain, the machinery which is to crush him just as effectual. And he knows it. That is the meaning of those lines over the countenance and that despairing expression.

But the other man? The man who signs bits of papers, who moves fortunes by the employment of his name; whose face, without any lines of care or disappointment, shows that he is at ease in Bank as well as in Zion? This person, by a long and successful career of good fortune, is so well grounded in his own esteem, that his self-complacency is at times painful to witness. How patronizing he is, how jocose, how pleasingly familiar, how hard and overbearing, as by turns he comes in contact with different classes and conditions! What does such a man understand about the great objects and purposes of life? What have his operations in the stock-market, his transactions in bills of exchange, his advances on good security taught him about the first question in the catechism: 'What is the chief end of man?' By the light he lives and works by, how would he answer it?

Now let us have an introduction to these people with fortunes and habits so different. Put the novelists and romance-writers aside. We do not want any hot-house developments, any big, horrid villains, any sweet, charming bread-and-butter saints. Away with caricatures and exaggerations! Let us look at Harris and Williams and Brown and Johnson and Jones and Smith, and see what they do; how, as types of their class, they get a living. For the fellow who works with those aforesaid pieces of paper claims in a sense to get a living, to make money, whereby he lives and pays for houses and horses and operaboxes, and his — pleasures. These investigations will serve to bring the fortunate

and the unfortunate nearer each other ; as it is, there is a great abyss between them. If we could bridge it over and mix them up a little, it would not do any harm. It might do some good. After these 'Revelations' of mine are concluded, I propose to present a volume to several of our well-known philanthropists : that class of philanthropists who, born with a silver spoon in their mouth, and without much masculinity, and having been educated by good pious parents and left with large fortunes, are persuaded they have a mission to perform here below before they are translated into heaven. These distinguished persons are life-members of the Bible Society, the Home Missionary Society, the Foreign Missionary Society, the Tract Society, and the Colonization Society. They preside at meetings, they head subscription-lists, they occupy prominent positions in the church ; and, notwithstanding these important engagements, they do not know what to do with their time or their money. They are moral, and won't spend either in the pleasures of this life, for these sort of things don't suit their temperament. So they take to courses more sedate, and which will give them an enviable prominence before the world. Now, as I have just said, I intend to attempt to interest these worthy people in the situation of Wall-street. I am persuaded they can do more there than with the Five Points Mission. Why will they not try ? Perhaps they will. Again, a very genuine philanthropist as I believe, Mr. Horace Greeley, has made public his plan, and a good one it is, for the relief of the over-crowded streets of New-York. 'Flee from the city,' he exclaims. 'Go to the country. Return to first principles. Cultivate the soil.' But how to do it? Grant that it was an unwise step that fixed the individual *in* the city, how is he to escape now ? Of what use to tell the sufferer, who has a family dependent on him, and who barely manages to keep them alive : 'Friend, leave this place ; you are not working out your proper destiny here. Go into the rural districts ; to the far West, if you prefer, where lands are cheap, and begin anew.' Why, this man can by no possibility get five dollars ahead. His furniture would not bring at auction two hundred, and it is mortgaged beside to some kind friend who lent him money in a pressing emergency. I repeat, this man is chained down, held fast ; he can't escape, and Mr. Greeley's plan don't help him. We once read of a banker's safe so cunningly contrived, that when a burglar attempts the lock, he disturbs a secret spring, and suddenly iron arms are protruded, which clutch the terrified wretch, and hold him in a fatal embrace. It is so with the miserable man who ventures to tamper with that great money-safe — Wall-street. He is seized and held secure, and sentenced to perpetual imprisonment, with hard labor, in the service of the proprietors. Will not Mr. Greeley aid in getting up a society for the relief of those unfortunate persons who want to quit the spot and cannot ? For my part, had I a hundred thousand dollars to dispose of to-day, I would select twenty or thirty sufferers, whom I have known in the street for twenty-five years, and make them happy. Some theoretical individuals would object to this because the proposed course lacks 'plan and system,' and is not grounded on 'principle.' It would only do a few people a great good, but would confirm no favorite

theory, and would be carried out without the aid of the complicated machinery of any society!

CHAPTER EIGHTH.

AFTER a while I began to get reconciled to the peculiarities of my Wall-street life! Indeed the excitement of it was not without its charm. The sharp necessity of realizing a certain sum, disappointment in one quarter, success in another, the hour's uncertainty, the petty crisis (to me not petty) repeated day after day, not only accustomed me to these fluctuations, but they became in some sort agreeable; that is, in the sense that all stirring sensations are so. This was, however, while I was achieving a species of success. And I was thus taught that there is no occupation disagreeable to man by which he makes money. My desires were very humble. I wanted only to earn a living. After a few weeks, by much industry and painstaking, I learned the condition of the note-market; and by the aid of my reputation for strict integrity, I acquired the confidence of various parties, and was thus enabled frequently to exceed the moderate sum necessary for our support. Meantime I looked with feelings of pity on the poor wretches wandering about the street, eager to seize on some chance to make a few dollars.

Since the operation with the four-thousand-dollar note, I endeavored quietly to avoid Downer. I cannot say he made any effort to prevent it. At any rate, he never came again to my office. One Saturday, I had been more than usually successful; I stood in the door of one of the banks, with a roll of bills in my hands; turning around, I saw Downer looking at me from the corner. He started off immediately on seeing that I noticed him. My heart smote me, I know not why, and I took a few steps in his direction, with a view to offer him a part of my store if he stood in need of it; but a selfish prudence overcame the benevolent intent, and I stopped short, none the better at heart certainly for not keeping on.

About this time I made a new acquaintance. I had laid by, over and above the sum set apart for our support, two hundred and fifty dollars. This I gave to Alice, who kept it carefully in a private drawer. The possession of this sum made me feel like a different creature. Never in my palmiest days did the heaviest balance in bank so exhilarate me as this two hundred and fifty dollars. Five hundred dollars in the Savings Bank for Alice; two hundred and fifty dollars in her *escritoire*; business good, and new channels opening. Beside, that law-suit with Bulldog is sure to go in our favor. Norwood says so. Well, well, the world is not so bad, after all. People who *will* make mistakes must suffer accordingly, but the prudent — I was saying, about this time I made a new acquaintance. It happened in this wise. One afternoon, about two o'clock, while I was seated in my office, after having made one or two very good negotiations, a gentleman entered, and exhibited a note for nearly a thousand dollars, which he asked if I could get discounted. I recollect the figures now. They were all odd numbers — 979 $\frac{37}{100}$, three months to run. I never fancied odd numbers, and the appearance of the note did not please me.*

* THERE is a great difference in the appearance of commercial paper. It is frequently remarked of a man, that he makes a 'good signature'; that is, a signature which inspires confidence. There are

Seeing me hesitate, the person remarked: 'Excuse me, I perceive I am not known to you. My name is Harley. Our mutual friend Alworthy (one of the makers of the note) advised me to come directly to you, and gave me permission to use his name. 'Since the note is in the market,' he said, 'I recommend you to my friend Mr. Parkinson, who will get it done for you without hawking it about the street.'

I tried to call to mind how intimate my acquaintance was with Mr. Alworthy. I knew him as the senior partner in an extensive commission house, whose transactions were generally large, and whose operations were very bold. There was no intimacy between us, and his sending to me seemed a little apocryphal. Still the paper would sell, and why should I trouble my head further about it? I had two places where I thought I could dispose of it. I paused a moment to consider which I should first try, and then innocently enough asked: 'Have you any more of this?' My visitor colored, and for an instant appeared to lose the tranquil and imperturbable manner which had hitherto distinguished him. It was for an instant. He recovered with so much ingenuousness, and put himself at once so confidentially in relation with me, that I was charmed with him.

'I will be truthful with you, Sir,' he exclaimed. 'The fact, is I have a pretty large amount of this paper. I did not intend to offer you any more, however. But since you have inquired, I shall tell you precisely. You will perceive that this note is indorsed by Pollock, Pemberton, Hollis and Company. Perhaps you know the house?'

I confessed I did not.

'Well, that is not to be wondered at, since it was established only last May. They are old personal friends of mine. Very enterprising, ample capital, and will do a very large commission business. By the way, I should like you to know them; the acquaintance might prove mutually beneficial. Such a house is always taking a large amount of marketable paper, and it would be well to have them as customers; for you know the banks will only do about so much.'

While Mr. Harley was laying this benevolent plan for my advantage, I had leisure to observe him more carefully. He was apparently thirty years old, of medium height, possibly a little below, stout but not corpulent, handsomely dressed, yet not in a manner indicating any special attention. He had clear, intelligent blue eyes, a pleasing face, open and ingenuous, without any of that affectation of sincerity which one could detect in Mr. Tremaine. In fact, I was insensibly drawn toward the man, and the suggestions he was making for my benefit seemed so natural, that I forgot I had never seen him before, and now for only ten minutes.

'But,' continued Mr. Harley, as if recollecting himself, 'we were talking of how much paper I could offer you of this description. I have about nine thousand dollars, and really I do not see why you cannot manage the whole of it — quietly, you know, so as not to hurt the credit of the parties.'

some who really judge a good deal by the 'looks' of a note or acceptance. 'I don't like it: think 't was 'got up,' said an experienced note-shaver once to me, apropos of a price of paper I offered him. This might have been mere caprice, but it was useless opposing it. Again I know many who delight in 'odd numbers,' who think there is 'luck' in them; and others whose fancy runs the other way.

C. E. F.

Just then the question occurred to me: 'What interest or agency have you, Mr. Harley, in this business?' I had scarcely thought thus much, when I found my new friend was about to give me an opportunity to touch the point. 'Yes, I am sure it is best to do these things through one person; and, as I was saying, Alworthy knowing of course that a portion of the notes must go in the market, said: 'Call on my friend Parkinson.' And since I am quite out of the way of such transactions, I shall only be too glad to put it all in your hands.'

'Are you not in business here?' I asked.

'Oh! yes. I call New-York my home; my family resides here; but I am engaged in some important enterprises which take me frequently to Europe, so I am obliged to be absent a good deal. Since the first of May I have kept my office at Pollock, Pemberton, Hollis and Company's.'

He handed me his card — James Algernon Harley — with his business address at the aforesaid firm in Water-street. Soon we entered into general conversation. I found Mr. Harley knew many of my old friends abroad, and could give late intelligence of several. After a while we came to speak of ourselves. Before I knew it I was telling him something of my life, and then I listened to a short history from him. He was from Boston; he knew all about my own family in Providence. He was unfortunate in business a few years before, but had paid all up — a hundred cents on the dollar and interest — but this had swept him clean. He came to New-York with his family, a wife and one child, and was now living at the — Hotel. In this way the rest of the business day was spent. Hr. Harley suddenly started, looked at his watch, exclaimed: 'I declare I do n't know what has become of the time; but it is pleasant to forget affairs once in a while, especially if we make a friend, and I cannot but feel I have done so. I will call to-morrow, and we will then talk further about the negotiation of these notes.' Mr. Harley took leave of me, and I proceeded on my customary route toward home. The interview with Harley produced a happy effect on me. Since I lost sight of my old associates, I had become very solitary in my habits, confining myself entirely to the society of my children. I know it may seem strange to many, that at my age — past fifty — having spent nearly my whole life in New-York, having made a great many acquaintances, and I may say friends, and enjoying intercourse with a large social circle, that I should not have secured some who were proof against adversity, that I should find myself so entirely forsaken, left to one side — high and dry.

Well, it may appear strange, but such was the fact. And now it strikes me that I might refer to still stranger cases: instances in the same family. [Stop and think a moment, reader, and say if you are not yourself familiar with some.] One sister marries a rich man, another a poor one. They live both in this very city. The rich man is a banker, and resides in one of the finest avenues. The poor man is a clerk in the Custom-House, and lives somewhere above Fiftieth-street. I cannot say those sisters do n't love each other; but they are so separated by circumstances that there is no room for any exhibition of affection. Their daily associations and habits and necessities are so different, that there seems to be no longer any sympathy between them. So, they exchange visits three or four times a year: the rich sister sends presents some-

times to the children of the poor sister, and perhaps to the sister herself. And so living different lives — ah ! how different — the offspring of the same parents who sat around the same table at home, attended the same schools, played the same plays, and shared the same bed, became absolutely like strangers, except that a sense of duty sometimes compels a certain recognition too often sparingly bestowed. And, after all, we must not be too severe with such cases. Circumstances have generally more influence than principle or natural affection, and there are few who do not yield to their force. I declare I never indulged in any bitterness of feeling, because when I lost my property I lost the society of those who still kept theirs. It was only when I was treated with contumely or contempt that my spirit rebelled. I never resisted nor questioned the truth of the announcement : ‘Wealth maketh many friends, but the poor is separated from his neighbor.’ Yes, the poor is separated from his (former) neighbor, but the poor soon erect a new neighborhood among themselves. They go to each other for sympathy, and they find it.

I was remarking, that having confined myself entirely to the society of my children, this pleasant conversation with a person who manifested so much interest in me had an agreeable influence, and served to bring back my feelings into their natural channel.

CHAPTER NINTH.

I THOUGHT a good deal about my affair with Mr. Harley. The next morning my enthusiasm was somewhat cooled. It occurred to me it would not be an unwise precaution to make some inquiry about him. I did so quietly of persons I thought most apt to be informed, but nobody could give me any information. I then asked as to Pollock, Pemberton, Hollis and Company, and could learn little or nothing about them. The firm was not composed of well-known business men. It had suddenly sprung into existence. No one appeared to know any thing against them, nor for that matter, in their favor. Finally I strolled leisurely past their place in Water-street. It was a fine large store, running through to Front-street, with an immense gilt sign extending across the entire front. On the stone columns, at each side of the door, the several names of the firm were neatly inscribed. Evidently all was above-board.

To be sure, the appearance of things struck one as a little too new and fresh to be substantial ; yet it was a very fair and shining outside, and it was the outside only I could see that morning.

As I turned back into Wall-street, I met Mr. Harley. ‘I have just come from your place,’ he remarked as he most cordially shook my hand ; ‘and will go back with you, if you please.’

‘Certainly,’ was my reply.

‘Perhaps you have been to call on me ?’

‘Oh ! no, I expected you by appointment.’

‘I suppose,’ continued Mr. Harley, ‘you have hardly had time to ascertain what you can do with the Alworthy paper.’

‘I did not think best to make any attempt till we had conferred about it.’

‘Very judicious — very judicious,’ was the reply, as we mounted the steps to my office.

'How soon is the money wanted?' I asked.

'Oh! there is no pressing haste. I would like a couple of thousand negotiated in a day or two, and the balance as opportunity serves.

'And the rate?'

'Well, as to that, it must depend on what you can do,' said Harley, with candor. 'I will not at the very commencement of our acquaintance say any thing which even by implication is not frank and above-board; and I may as well tell you, and if you do not now know it, you will discover it on inquiry, that Alworthy's paper will not always sell at the best rates. You can dispose of it, but it will very likely be at some sacrifice. No doubt you will do the best you can. I will leave you the whole batch, and will only say, manage the affair after your own judgment, so as to make the best sales with least injury to the parties. I will look in at two o'clock. Good morning. By the way,' looking back, 'it is best not to offer too much in one place, you know.'

This was charming. Such a constituent did not turn up every day. I turned over the paper. There were eleven notes all told, carefully divided so as not to fall due too near together, averaging not quite a thousand dollars a piece. I selected the notes, which I would offer to Loomis and those to Finch. One I would take to the bank; two I would try at Brest and Company's. The first man I called on was Finch. I said: 'I have some of Alworthy's paper. Will you take it?'

'Do n't want it.'

'Nothing wrong, I hope?'

'Oh! no, only I have got enough of it; rather sell than buy.'

'At what rate will you sell; perhaps I can find a customer?'

'At one per cent; and if he do n't like that, I won't say I won't take one and a half'

So much for gruff old Finch. I went next to Loomis. I had better luck there. He was just as well 'up' with regard to Alworthy as Finch; but he had more confidence in him than the other.

'Well, I have bought a great deal of their paper,' he said, 'and have a great deal of it, perhaps more than will pay. How much have you got, Mr. Parkinson, to offer? Perhaps I will make one transaction of it.'

I hesitated slightly. I had at first determined to offer him three of the notes — should I say four? However, I stuck to my original decision and answered, 'Not quite three thousand dollars,' and laid the notes before him.

He looked them over, then at the indorsement. 'Who the devil,' he exclaimed, 'are Pollock, Pemberton, Hollis and Company,' drawing out the names — 'whew!'

'You are behind the age,' said I, 'and have not made the acquaintance of a new but very extensive commission-house in Water-street.'

'Mr. Parkinson,' said Loomis, turning quickly on me, 'is there any more paper out with this indorsement?'

'Not that I am aware of.'

I had uttered a deliberate falsehood, uttered it almost before I knew what

I was saying. Some keen devil instinct whispered to me that even the twenty-nine hundred dollars was rather more than Loomis wanted, and quite as much as he would regard as a legitimate transaction for Alworthy to make with this new house. Yes, the falsehood was uttered, and there I stood with a life-long reputation for honesty and truth—a liar! Loomis supposed me incapable of deceiving him, and so he put the question, and I had answered it.

My reply was satisfactory, for after a short pause he said: 'I will take the whole at one and a half.'

I endeavored to lower his terms. He only replied: 'The best I will do; all I will do. I know it's a high rate, but it is not saleable paper. To be sure, I think it good, but there are more who don't.'

The affair was closed, and I received a check for the money. A little after two Mr. Harley came in. I reported the transaction, and showed him a statement in which I had charged him a quarter per cent commission.

He drew his pen across it. 'This will never do. Leave the matter of commissions to me. By the way, you may give me two thousand dollars net; it is all we want at present; it won't hurt your bank account to let the rest lay. If you can employ it for a few days, do so and welcome.'

'I was overpowered with so much kindness, and could not but show I was sensibly affected by it.

'Arrange your deposit,' said Mr. Harley, 'and let us lunch together.'

I did not decline, and after a little we proceeded to Delmonico's, and partook of a nice steak and a bottle of excellent claret. As we came out, my new friend asked me to step with him one moment to his office. It was directly over the counting-room of Pollock, Pemberton, Hollis and Company; and as we entered, I was introduced to Mr. Hollis, one of the firm. I was any thing but favorably impressed with him. He was a very young man, and exhibited neither wit nor intelligence; he spoke in monosyllables and only in answer to some observations of mine. Indeed I thought his countenance very stolid. I saw Mr. Harley, meanwhile, giving the porter some special directions; then returning, we went up-stairs for a few moments, when he seemed inclined to apologize for the appearance of Hollis. 'A mere youth, but his father puts in a large capital for him, and really he is an excellent book-keeper.' I could appreciate this, and so I said; and after some pleasant chat, I took leave. Glancing through the lofty store, I discovered very few goods. Some baskets of champagne were piled up in the centre, and several hogsheads and quarter-casks were on one side, and a good many cases of wine opposite, but no other merchandise. However, I was not in a scrutinizing mood, and I did not think twice of the matter.

At the usual hour I reached home for dinner. A carman was just leaving my house. Alice stood at the door directing the stout Irish girl. There I saw a basket of champagne, a case of claret, another of Madeira, and a demijohn of old brandy, each with a card attached—'C. E. Parkinson, Esq. From Pollock, Pemberton, Hollis and Company.'

When Alice perceived me, she exclaimed, 'O dear Papa! this seems like old times,' and she threw her arms about my neck in very joy. 'But you do n't look happy yourself, papa; are you ill?'

A NEW YANKEE DOODLE.

BY RALPH RANDOM.

YANKEE DOODLE came to town,
 To view 'the situation,'
 And found the world all upside down,
 A rumpus in the nation;
 He heard all Europe laugh in scorn,
 And call him but a noodle;
 'Laugh on,' he cried, 'as sure's you're born,
 I still am YANKEE DOODLE.'

Chorus.—Yankee Doodle, etc.

He found the ragged Southern loons
 A-training like tarnation,
 They'd stolen all his silver spoons,
 And rifled his plantation;
 'I'll wait awhile,' he quietly said,
 'They may restore the plunder;
 But if they do n't, I'll go ahead,
 And thrash them well, by thunder!'

Chorus.—Yankee Doodle, etc.

And then the lovely Queen of Spain
 Told him in honeyed lingo,
 That she had courted — not in vain —
 A darkey in Domingo:
 'My dear,' said he, 'if you will roam
 With all the male creation,
 Pray, do n't come here — I can't, at home,
 Allow amalgamation.'

Chorus.—Yankee Doodle, etc.

The British lion slyly eyed
 His bales of Southern cotton —
 'Dear YANKEE DOODLE,' soft he cried,
 'That stuff is slave-begotten:
 A brother's tears have bleached it white,
 It speaks your degradation,

But I must have it wrong or right,
To keep away starvation.'

Chorus.—Yankee Doodle, etc.

'Hands off! hands off! good cousin John,'
Said quiet YANKEE DOODLE,
'I am no braggart cotton Don,
Who'll bear the system feudal;
I've heard you prate in Exeter Hall,
Of sin and slave pollution,
But now I see 'twas blarney all,
You love 'the Institution!'

Chorus.—Yankee Doodle, etc.

'False words and deeds, to high and low
Bring righteous retribution;
And cousin John, *mayhap* you know
The frigate Constitution!
She now is but a rotten boat,
But I have half a notion,
To set her once again afloat,
And drive you from the ocean.

Chorus.—Yankee Doodle, etc.

'And if, in league with her of Spain,
With all the past forgotten,
You dare to lift the hand of Cain
In aid of old King Cotton,
Be sure you guard those costly toys
You call your 'broad dominions,'
For I have lots of Yankee *boys*
Can flog your hireling minions.

Chorus.—Yankee Doodle, etc.

'I trust in God, and in the right,
And in this mighty nation;
And in this cause would freely fight
The whole combined creation;
For when, in Time's impartial gaze,
The nations are reviewed all,
I know the meed of honest praise
Will rest on YANKEE DOODLE.'

Chorus.—Yankee Doodle, etc.

L I T E R A R Y N O T I C E S .

MANUAL OF THE CORPORATION OF THE CITY OF NEW-YORK. 1861. D. T. VALENTINE.

THIS casket of jewels, replete with the glory of our municipal wealth, is by far the most attractive feature on the drawing-room table. Heretofore, the MANUAL has been considered only a book fit for reference, a standard to consult for data and to replace immediately upon the library-shelf; but the present requires more, and as if to kindly anticipate our wants, VALENTINE, the antiquarian and historian, has compiled the poesy of the past with the memorable incidents of the present, and given us one of the most readable books of the season. To have done this, required talents of a peculiar order, and the very soul of the man is enshrined in the work before us. The present comprises the twentieth volume issuing from his pen. With what pious care he cherishes every souvenir of the glorious past, nor does he allow the less sublimated present to escape him! In hours like these the mythical annals of romance pall upon the taste; the present has a penchant for reality, and reality in its most exalted form. Politics, seasons may change, yet VALENTINE is at his post, the true Knickerbocker, the incorruptible patriot, the conscientious historian. He has done his duty in removing the dust and smoke of mammon from our national escutcheon, and now in this dark political hour it is glittering like an immortal ægis. We were never quite so proud of our country and of the goodly city of Manhattan. Rife with a hitherto untold wealth of national and local incident, carefully compiled, honestly digested, and profusely illustrated, we regard the MANUAL of 1861 with mingled pride and wonder; pride that we have an antiquity; something to fall back upon; something to prove that Americans have a rank among the nations of the earth; that they are not the mere mushroom growth of to-day; and wonder, that the ever-busy Clerk of the Common Council, whose very personality has become incorporated with the marble walls of the City Hall; whose very soul is seemingly monopolized by his daily duties, has found time to enshrine the fleeting memories of the past, and lay them in such attractive guise on the shrine of the present. The MANUAL, regally bound in purple and gold, is a priceless album, in which are preserved those souvenirs at this hour of all others most dear to us. Knickerbockers cannot prize it too highly.

THE SEA, (LA MER.) Translated from the French Edition just published in Paris. By M. J. MICHELET, Author of 'L'Amour,' 'La Femme,' etc. etc. RUDD AND CARLETON.

A BLENDING of the philosophy, the poesy, and the utility of the sea. A profound investigation of the world of waters, a glance at the currents, tides, and tempests, and a brief digest of the inhabitants of the 'vasty deep.' The work is præeminently à la MICHELET. He finds a rhythm, a melody in the ocean, chime, a poesy on the heaving sea — when it is not too terrible — and a novel and charming sympathy among its inhabitants. He takes the SEA to his heart — *fons omnium viventium* — as our great primeval mother, and worships it as an almost human creation. While revelling in the poesy, he delves deeply into the philosophy, and as a financier and patriot, expatiates loudly on the decrease of the whale, and the deserted fisheries on the coast of France; while as a physician, he benevolently regards THE SEA as the great restorer of health — the cure for the scrofulous, the wholesome tonic for the debilitated and weakened constitution; and pleads pathetically for the establishment of economical batheries, which shall come within the reach of the industrious mechanic, and the invalid of limited income, where genial health instead of imperious fashion shall be the *genus loci*. A readable book, rife with suggestions.

MACAULAY'S HISTORY OF ENGLAND. Volume Five. From the Press of HARPER AND BROTHERS. Franklin-Square and Pearl-Street. Second Notice.

WE commend the history of *Patterson's Scottish Bubble*, in this book, as one equal, if not surpassing in interest, WASHINGTON IRVING'S 'Mississippi Bubble,' written for these pages. There is occasionally a dash of humor in the description, which serves to heighten the picture. The *first* colonists were received on landing by one of the greatest princes of the country: 'The courtiers who attended him, ten or twelve in number, were stark naked; but *he* was distinguished by a red coat, a pair of cotton drawers, and an old hat. He was propitiated by a present of a new hat, blazing with gold lace.' The *second* corps of colonists 'found the site marked out for the proud capital which was to have been the Tyre, the Venice, the Amsterdam of the eighteenth century overgrown with jungle, and inhabited only by the sloth and the baboon:' while the sufferings of the 'middle-passage' were as nothing compared with those encountered by the victims on the long voyage to this Mecca of their hopes. PATERSON, however, had a precedent, which is thus graphically described:

'ON a desolate marsh, overhung by fogs and exhaling diseases, a marsh where there was neither wood nor stone, neither firm earth nor drinkable water, a marsh from which the ocean on one side and the Rhine on the other were with difficulty kept out by art, was to be found the most prosperous community in Europe. The wealth which was collected within five miles of the Stadthouse of Amsterdam would purchase the fee-simple of Scotland. And why should this be? Was there any reason to believe that nature had bestowed on the Phœnician, on the Venetian, or on the Hollander, a larger measure of activity, of ingenuity, of forethought, of self-command, than on the citizen of Edinburgh or Glasgow? The truth was that, in all those qualities which conduce to success in life, and especially in commercial life, the Scot had never been surpassed; perhaps he had never been equalled. All that was necessary was that his energy should take a proper direction, and a proper direction PATERSON undertook to give.'

EDITOR'S TABLE.

Notes from cis-Atlantic Egypt.

THE OCCUPATION OF CAIRO.

'FALL IN!' — A roll of drums, a rattling of guns and accoutrements, a hasty adjustment of refractory blankets, and we are in line.

At the word, we move forward, leaving the camp at Springfield, and march to the railroad-dépôt. It is nine o'clock at night, and we have been under marching orders since four. No one knows whither we are going, and the air of mystery that hangs over the movement brings very forcibly to our minds the reality that we are now acting under the orders of Uncle Sam, and are no longer our own masters. Many are the conjectures as to our destination. We are going to Cairo, to Jefferson Barracks, to Texas — any how, we are going South, and that is what we want. Arriving at the dépôt of the Great Western Railroad, we halt, take a hasty leave of our friends, and fall into line again. No further order coming, we take another hasty leave of our friends, and then another, and again. Finally, the order comes, we board the cars and are — *not* off. The train is very much attached to that station; can't tear itself away. Our friends come aboard and take a hasty leave of us, and then we try to sleep away the time. But having two or three men's feet and a gun or two in your lap, and another man's head nodding against your shoulder, does not materially assist nature in her sweetly restorative process. One or two very domestic men venture to warble 'Sweet Home,' and are rewarded with numerous 'Dry ups,' and other expressive but inelegant remarks. At last the whistle sounds: we hear the approaching '*thud!*' as each car is started, and now we are off, this time positively without reserve. The fresh air and the motion revive me, and I give up trying to sleep, and wander off into a reverie. I am thinking of the dear ones so lately left, and of the wise counsel and the cheering words of encouragement they gave me, the promises I made them in return, and the many things left unsaid for want of power of utterance, when the train stops at Decatur, and we leave it. As the train that is to bear us southward does not start for several hours, we spread ourselves miscellaneously upon the platform, in search of the comfort that is to be found on the soft side of a plank. As the sun rises, we scatter ourselves through the city to forage for breakfast.

The search is pursued for an hour with more or less success. Some procure loaves of bread of adamantine solidity; others capture pies of uncertain age and dubious flavor; a few ingratiate themselves with the divinities of the hotel-kitchen, and are supplied with substantial favors from the back-window; while others, 'mis'able cusses,' are obliged to stand back, with cavernous stomachs, and irrigated mouths, and ruminate—a very unsatisfactory way of taking breakfast.

At seven o'clock, we take the cars on the Illinois Central road, and are off for Cairo—for it has leaked out that that is our destination; and it is intimated that we are to be set to work throwing up fortifications. We don't like this news pretty well, but we console ourselves with the reflection that at any rate we will make our mark in the world, even if we have to do it with a spade. At some of the stations on the route, water is distributed, which disappears with amazing rapidity. One of the boys in his haste pushes his head into the bucket, a tin one of the truncated cone pattern, and it sticks there. In his efforts to extricate it, he spills the water; whereupon his comrades give their vocabularily of maledictions a thorough ventilation. At Centralia, we hear it reported that the sympathizers with secession at Carbondale, sixty miles below, have burnt a bridge and intend to attack us when we come down. This looks like business, and we proceed with caution; for we are entering Egypt, a land whose loyalty has been questioned. As we approach the suspected bridge, we see a number of men on the bank: the train is stopped, and we are ordered to fix our bayonets but keep our seats. At this juncture a white flag is waved in the crowd on the bank, and an officer goes forward to learn the meaning of it. He returns with the intelligence that it is a company of Chicago boys, guarding the bridge. We move on, and giving the brave fellows three hearty cheers, enter the town of Carbondale singing the Star-Spangled Banner with all our might. [That treason should exist in so loyal a State as Illinois may seem strange; but—with shame I confess it—it is true that before our arrival, the Union men were intimidated, and open threats of violence to the Federal troops were made by citizens of our own State. Our presence here has had a very salutary effect, and now there are only a few sporadic cases of treason.]

Carbondale is the only place on the road where the rebels have any power, and after leaving it we breathe freely. Darkness comes on as we are winding through the woods and bluffs that tell of the proximity of the rivers, and at about eight o'clock we enter Cairo in the midst of a drenching rain, and the roar and flash of heaving artillery. In the hurry of leaving Springfield we have brought with us no camp equipage, and no shelter has been provided for us; so we are obliged to accommodate ourselves in the cars. Small rations of bread and water having been distributed, we curl ourselves up on the seats, and, weary and back-achey, set out for the land of Nod. We snatch a little slumber, but it is not the

'Sleep that knits up the ravelled sleeve of care,'

but an unsatisfactory doze, a dreamy continuation of the jolting and rumbling day's ride. It is a perfect luxury to stand guard out in the rain, and be able to breathe freely, and get the twists out of one's legs.

The next morning we leave the cars and encamp on the flat ground between the levees. Thus was Cairo occupied by a battalion of Illinois volunteers, on

the morning of the twenty-fourth of April, in the year of grace eighteen hundred and sixty-one.

OUR FIRST BREAKFAST.

RATIONS have been received and distributed, and we proceed to prepare our first breakfast in camp, a matter in which we are all decidedly verdant. That slim fellow there, chopping wood with much more vigor than dexterity, has just left the counter, changing the yard-stick for the musket, deserting the calico for the sake of the bunting. The axe comes down just where it pleases, utterly regardless of the wishes of its manager, (?) and the chips fly about promiscuously, coming nearer one's head than is pleasant. That young student, whose sun-burnt face was lately so pale and scholarly, slices the unctuous bacon in a manner that suggests that he may have acquired his skill by hastily carving chickens — bought when the owner was not there. Jim B. sweats and weeps over the smoky fire, alternately burning and sucking his fingers, and keeping up a running accompaniment of commentaries, not at all complimentary in their nature, upon the contents of the pan. At length, however, after several futile attempts, the coffee is made, the bacon fried, the side-dishes — bread, molasses, salt, and such little extras — brought on, and we fall to with an excellent appetite, which is said to be the best sauce: it certainly is in this case, for it is the only one.

THE CITY.

CAIRO probably has improved somewhat since Mark Tapley was here, but still it is a place in which it is quite creditable to be jolly.

It is not an attractive place to look at, and situated on flat ground about twenty-five feet below the top of the levee, the prospect from within is enlivening only so far as a dull background of dirt, dotted with houses one or two shades lighter, can make it. There is nothing fresh about the place. The houses, even the newest of them, have an old and time-worn appearance, the flowers seem to linger through a sickly existence, and die prematurely, and the men have that listless, apathetic appearance that suggests the *dry rot* as portrayed by Dickens. If we except the bibulous indulgence sometimes known by that name, I have not seen a man smile since I have been here. The venders of potables seem to be the only ones that are doing a thriving business; and while dry goods and groceries are perfectly stagnant, 'dog's nose' and gin are staple commodities with the gay and festive Cairoites. The present appearance of this place is in great part owing to the unhappy times on which we have fallen, and I am told that usually there is a great deal of business done here. But I give my impression of the place from a two months' stay in it, and I must say that I have had plenty, thank you, and wouldn't choose any more; and not the least of my reasons is, because the news-dépôts don't keep the KNICKERBOCKER.

THE AWKWARD SQUAD.

THAT means all of us as we were at first. Having been enlisted only one week, our first experience in drill was a very trying one, but amusing

enough — to the initiated. It is a hazardous undertaking for a raw recruit to attempt to order arms ; the butt of the piece falls clumsily upon the ground, or his own or his neighbor's toes, just as chance directs it. About-face involves a serious risk of a downfall. Gentlemen with large feet and weak ankles get them tangled, and having a very hazy idea which is which, are unable to untangle them without the aid of the drill-master. After some stupid blunder, the command is given : ' As you were ! ' whereupon some of us take positions that we never were in before, and which it would be impossible for us to take of our own volition ; and others, lacking confidence in themselves, and afraid of being laughed at, stand like wooden men, waiting to be moved. But the most terrible experience is in attempting the Double-quick. The man behind me uses my heels and the calves of my legs to wipe his feet on, the man beside me keeps time on my ribs with his elbows, and the gun of the short man in front knocks off my cap, narrowly missing my head. If I stop for the cap, a dozen or more men will run over me ; so I keep on, minus the cap, out of wind, and damaged as to my temper. At this juncture, the man in the rear stumbles, and as he falls, a gleaming sabre bayonet comes down, and I gain a fundamental knowledge of its efficiency as a weapon. It does n't tear my coat-tail, for our economical Uncle Samuel has not furnished us with that appendage to our raiment ; but it makes an unsightly wound in the basement of my trowsers. I am pronounced unfit for duty, and seclude myself from public gaze till I have repaired the fissured garment. But the mysteries of the manual and evolutions become plain in time, and the awkward squad becomes efficient and well-drilled.

THE ARMY OF NURSES.

I MUST close this article, already too long, with a tribute to the patriotic ladies who have volunteered to accompany the army and take care of the sick and wounded. God bless the women of our country ! is the prayer that has been and still is daily offered up by those who have left their homes to do their humble part in this war for the glorious Stars and Stripes. Not only have they given us to our country's service willingly, sending us away with smiles of encouragement, with the parting kiss bidding us God speed, and urging us to come back with honor and victory on our banners or not come back at all, but they have done more. Leaving relatives and friends and homes of ease and luxury, they have, with the earnest enthusiasm that ever animates them and urges them to good deeds, come among us, and, wherever untimely disease has found its victim, entered upon their labor of love. I shall never forget the scenes that I have witnessed in the hospitals here. I have seen rough-bearded, hard-featured men, in whom the finer feelings seemed dead, melted to tears by the kind ministrations of these noble sisters of charity. Let the arrogant lords of creation prate no more about woman's shallow and heartless frivolity. No feats of arms will add more lustre to the American name than the silent, unostentatious labors of the American women ; and when the history of this war is written, there will be no brighter pages in it than those that tell of the noble self-denial, and the quiet but untiring energy of the Army of Nurses.

R. WOLCOTT.

LETTER FROM THE SEVENTY-FIRST REGIMENT. —We think we are not mistaken in inferring, that the following familiar letter from a young friend and patriot in the Seventy-First Regiment, whose head-quarters are at Washington when the troops are not wanted elsewhere, will have the same interest for our readers which it had for ourself. Off-hand, unpremeditated epistles like the subjoined, convey a much more vivid impression of a volunteer's every-day life and duties, than *prepared* letters designed for publication :

'DEAR UNCLE LOUIS : The last letter you received from me was written, I believe, in the midshipman's mess, on board a man-of-war. May I hope that one from the 'Barracks' may prove as acceptable, if not as interesting? Landsmen, or land-lubbers, as they term 'shore-people,' in the Navy, know very little concerning the '*Salt*;' while they do of the soldier : any thing, therefore, from the former, is of greater interest than from the latter. As I once gave you a description of the life and duties of a sailor, I will attempt the same with that of a soldier. In the first place, I have not been a member of this regiment but a short time, having been transferred, at my father's request, from the Ninth to the Seventy-First, by Major-General SANDFORD. The reasons for doing so were many : the Ninth has turned out badly : poor officers, poor men, poor rations ; in fact, poor every thing. I am now in a regiment which will eventually prove to be the finest in this country. They have already seen service, and rendered considerable aid to the Government. Our duties are arduous, though promptly performed ; our men willing, and physically able to endure them ; our officers gentlemen, though strict disciplinarians ; our quarters comfortable, and food clean. We rise from our 'bunks' at five A.M., wash ourselves, in true democratic style, at the pump, and 'fall-in' for roll-call. Wo be to him who fails to answer when his name is called ! An extra twenty-four hours' guard-duty is his lot. From six to seven we drill, in marchings, wheelings, etc. etc., without arms ; at seven we sit down, with our *elegant* tin goblet, and magnificent ditto plate, to enjoy the very splendid morning repast, supplied to us by Uncle SAMUEL, which consists of meat — I would n't dare say what kind positively, but it is supposed to be bull-beef — accompanied with plain biscuit, minus butter, and coffee without milk : the latter article is thought to be unhealthy for the weak stomach of a soldier. Though our breakfast will not compare, I assure you, with the like meal at a first-class hotel ; yet it is relished, and we feel much better after it than does your Fifth-Avenue swell, with his highly-seasoned *dejeuner*. At half-past eight the guard-mounting begins ; the band (an excellent one, with HARVEY DODWORTH as leader) playing delightful airs for three-quarters of an hour. From nine until eleven we smoke our pipes, write our letters, or lounge around in true Oriental magnificence ; at eleven, those who are fortunate enough to be off guard, (which occurs with us every other day, and with other regiments here nearly every day,) go target-shooting, with rifles, firing at a distance of one hundred yards, each one of the company having the privilege of firing two rounds. At one P.M. our dinner is served up — a meal similar to breakfast ; in fact it would puzzle a Philadelphia lawyer to prove the difference : one description suffices for both : it is done in order to save the soldiers the trouble of writing descriptions home of two meals. At three P.M. we drill with rifles in the manual of arms until five. At six is the dress-parade of the entire regiment : it lasts about one-and-a-half hours, and is witnessed by some hundreds of the fair sex of Washington. Ours is their favorite regiment, on account of their soldier (!)-like bearing and gentlemanly manners. (Ahem !) At half-past seven we take tea : this meal differs in *one* respect ; for the others we have

cheese instead of *meat*, which is very acceptable, and 'quite the cheese,' though it does n't seem to admire our society much, evidently evincing a desire to leave. From eight to nine the band plays in front of the Colonel's quarters, and we gather around, with well-filled pipes, to listen to its delightful strains, and think of the dear ones at home. 'Music *hath* charms,' and 'no mistake!'

'At the hour of ten '*taps*' are beat, lights put out, and the weary soldier rests until the morrow. It is rather a monotonous life, yet we have our little fun. In my company, the famous Light-Guard of New-York, there are some noble voices, and their owners are not afraid of using them. It does not require quite as much urging as it generally does an accomplished young lady, to get them a-going. We are also favored with some excellent wits: one of them I presume you know — Mr. H — McM — : his extemporaneous poetical speeches are celebrated throughout New-York for their wit and eloquence. We have also Mr. M —, the composer of some fine music; '*Viva l'America*' being one of his best efforts. So you see we are not entirely destitute of literary and musical society, if we *are* soldiers.

'Captain DAHLGREN, the Naval Commander of the Yard, will not hear of any other regiment taking our place. He compliments us highly, and has entire confidence in our ability to protect the vast amount of valuable property in the Yard. We therefore shall in all probability remain here until our time is up; and if we go away it will be only temporarily.

'I WAS much amused a day or so ago by a little incident that occurred on the 'Long Bridge' with a detachment of our regiment guards. The bridge is a long one, and connects Washington with the Maryland shore. Our sentinels have strict orders to allow no one of a suspicious character to pass without rendering a good account of himself: and as they are posted within hailing distance of each other, there are some twenty of them on guard at a time. If any one approaches, it is the duty of sentry number one to cry out: 'Who goes there?' If in the day-time, when no countersign is required, and the answers are satisfactory, the guard passes the friend to post number two, by singing out loudly: 'Advance, friend on foot,' or 'Advance, friend with wagon,' as the case may be; and number two passes him to number three; and so on, until he arrives at the opposite end. On this occasion, a one-horse wagon and driver made their appearance, on the Maryland side, and desired to cross: sentry number one gave the usual challenge: 'Who goes there?' Answer: 'Friend, with load of shad;' at which the sentry gave the order boldly: '*Advance, Load of Shad, and drop three!*' which the said affrighted friend immediately did, much to the surprise and delight of sentry number one, who thought it was a good joke, as we *all* did that night at supper, when we came to devour 'said shad.' This is only *one* of the tricks which we have 'played upon travellers.' When a sentinel is relieved, (which occurs every two hours,) he imparts to his successor the orders given to him by the officer of the guard. In the day-time these orders are a mere matter of form; but you are compelled to say something. The following were *my* orders a few days ago, and were given to me in a deep-toned, solemn voice: 'Allow no fish to flop his tail out of water, on penalty of death.' A sentry should be very dignified; but this was so extremely ridiculous that I lost my gravity, and burst out with roars of laughter. If you had been present, you would have done the same. Of course I was obliged to give it to my successor.'

'Knowing that you are generally very busy, and feeling that I have already written too much, I close, remaining your affectionate nephew,

L. G. CLARK, ESQ., ED. KNICK, MAG.
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F. R. C—.

GOSSIP WITH READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS. — 'Forewarned is forearmed,' they say; and as our National Government must keep all Southern and South-western ports intact, at the risk of having old JOHNNY BULL impudently interfering with our free action as a nation, we wish to advise our port-keepers to have always a 'bright look-out ahead,' so as not to be surprised with a '*Run upon the Blockade*,' so cunningly and so successfully performed on one occasion in the last war. Lieutenant JUDSON, then in the United States Navy, took the narrative down from the lips of a warm-hearted, hard-faced, jolly old fellow, who in the last war with England commanded a privateer-schooner, named the '*Hope*,' a beautiful clipper, of about one hundred and fifty tons, and two thirty-two pounder pivot-guns:

'We were lying in New-York Harbor, just betwixt Governor's Island and the Battery, when the fleet that chased the old Constitution so hard was blockading the channels at both ends of Long Island, keeping such a sharp look-out along shore with their frigates and tenders that not a craft dare stir out of her anchorage. This made me as cross as an English man-o'-war's-man on short rations; for I was lying in port, feeding a crew, keeping my craft on expenses, and all that; and it did n't suit my free-born nature to be cooped up like a stray pig in a strange pen, when I knew that money was to be made on blue water, if I could only reach it. So one day I mustered the crew aft, and spun them off a bit of a speech; told 'em that it was all humbug for us to lie there doing nothing, and asked 'em if they would stand by me to the last if I would try and run the blockade; telling 'em at the same time that I intended to let the craft sink before she should be captured; that the stars and stripes should never come down from the schooner's truck while *she* floated above water.

'The crew gave me three cheers, and that was all the answer that I wanted; so I gave orders to re-stow the hold, clean up the arms, and get every thing ready for sea. I intended to take the first nor'-west wind and dark night, and try the run.

'I did n't have long to wait before the night and nor'-wester came. It was indeed a fine night for my work. The wind came fitfully off the land in squalls; the heavy black clouds that tumbled along between the stars and the earth made every thing as dark as the middle of a tar-bucket, and the rain came down as if the caulking of the sky had all fell out.

'Soon after the darkness had got fairly settled, I called all hands and reefed our sails down snug, then roused up the anchor and got under way. I set the main-sail, close-reefed fore-top-sail and jib, and with the wind on my starboard quarter, stood down the bay, steering by compass and soundings.

'It was uncommonly dark, and once in a while the squalls would sweep down the bay, bellying out our scant sails, and bending the creaking spars over the bows, while the craft quivered like a dry leaf in the autumnal blast.

'We showed no light, and kept as quiet as a mouse when the cat is in its vicinity, as we neared Sandy Hook, for we knew that the tenders of the fleet would lie close in under the land, so as to make a lee, as also to keep a look-out for coasters, or the like of us, who might take the advantage of the weather, and try to give them the slip.

'We kept on very well till we were clear of the point of the Hook, and were stretching out over the middle ground in a little under three-fathom soundings, when I, who was standing for'ard by the heel of the bowsprit, with a night-glass in my hand, trying to send my eye ahead into the darkness, suddenly caught a glimpse of a dark object,

close aboard and directly ahead of us. I had scarcely sung out, 'Hard-a-port your helm!' to the steersman, when luffing up in the wind a little, we passed close alongside of a large schooner, which was lying-to on the off-shore tack, with her close-reefed foresail set. As we swept past her, I saw at once that she was a man-o'-war, and at the same time her officer of the deck hailed us:

'Schooner ahoy! Who are you? Heave to, or I'll fire into you.'

'I was so completely thrown aback by this sudden meeting, that I forgot to answer him, and on we swiftly swept in the darkness, without even giving him a light to show where we were. But he was pretty good at guessing, for within four or five minutes a shot came whizzing along, not more than forty or fifty fathoms to leeward of us, and then we could see the lights glancing about her decks, as all hands were called, and we knew that he was making sail in chase.

'Light ho!' sung out a man from aloft, and then in an instant added: 'Lights ahead, and on both bows, Sir!'

'Then before the words were out of the topman's mouth, my first lieutenant sung out from the quarter-deck, 'Lights on the weather quarter and beam, Captain Bowline!'

'I clambered aloft, and took a look with my glass, and saw that we were completely hemmed in. A circle of lights surrounded us, all of which I knew came from the enemy's shipping, and to crown the whole, and make a bad fix worse, the rascal whom I had passed but a moment before, commenced throwing up signal-rockets to show where our schooner was.

'As my glass swept around that circle of lights, I thought that I'd got myself in a bad scrape, and wished from the lowermost locker of my heart that my little craft was back at her old anchorage, for the prospect of hard knocks and no prize money was not particularly brilliant just at that moment. But I determined to get clear if I could; and hurrying down to the deck, made the crew set the to'-gallant sail and square-sail. Then I had a light run up at each masthead, as the schooner astern of me had already done, so as to deceive the ships ahead of me, which lay in such a position that I must pass close by them. The fellow astern now knew me by my bearings, and he soon showed, by the change in his bearings and the motion of his lights, as they swung to-and-fro from his bending spars, that he was following in my wake under a press of sail. He kept continually sending up rockets and blue-lights, and I imitated as nearly as possible each signal that he made, for I knew that if the heavy ships outside of me once smelt the rat, and found out who I was, a single broadside would be dose enough for my poor little schooner.

'Apparently exasperated at our good imitations, the craft astern yawed from her course and fired a couple of shots at us, but as we paid no attention to her harmless shots, and she only lost ground by firing, she stopped it and pressed on in chase. We too cracked on every thread of canvas which our craft would bear, knowing that every thing depended on passing the ships outside without receiving a fire from them.

'Once more I took my glass and went forward to pick the best spot to pass their line. Just ahead of us were two lights pretty close together, which I thought, from the heights at which they hung, might be suspended from the gaffs of frigates or corvettes, and I made up my mind to run boldly under the stern of the rearmost of them, and try to pass myself off as one of their tenders, knowing that nothing but a stratagem could save me. So, still showing similar signals to those of the schooner astern, I held my course. In a few minutes we neared the sternmost ship, and then I saw by her lighted ports that she was a three-decker line-o'-battle ship. I reckon I was a *teetle* skeered, just then, but I did n't tell my men so, and they seemed to be as cool as white bears on an iceberg.

'As we came within hail of the seventy-four, a gruff English voice shouted through a trumpet:

'Schooner ahoy! Is that the Nereide?'

'Thank God, for *that* hint!' thought I, as I answered:

'Ay, ay, Sir!'

'What's in the wind?' he again hailed. 'Your signal-officer must be drunk; we can't understand you. Explain yourself!'

'I'm in chase of a bloody villain of a Yankee, that's trying to run the blockade!' shouted I.

'Oh! very well!' he answered; 'I hope you'll catch the sneaking scullion!'

'So do I, and keep him after he is caught; but 'hopes' are slippery things, as the old woman said of the eels which she was skinning, when she lost them overboard!'

'Another moment and we were beyond his hail, and outside of the line of ships, bowling off at the rate of eleven or twelve knots. In a few minutes we doused every light, then altered our course four points to the southward, and were in a few moments hidden from the enemy by the darkness.

'I soon saw the pursuing schooner run under the stern of the seventy-four, and then, by the new signals made, knew at once that my stratagem had been detected. The seventy-four fired guns, and at once the lights of the whole line commenced changing their bearings, and I saw that a general chase had been ordered. I didn't care now, however, for I knew that my little craft had the heels of 'em, and with the darkness to aid me, I felt assured of escape.

'Before day broke, I was away down off the Capes of the Delaware, with every thing astern of me hull-down, and as I shaped my course for the West-Indies, I laughed to think that the Englishman's 'Hope' had proved so slippery!'

FROM OUR FRIEND OF 'THE FIRST LOCOMOTIVE.'—Thanks to our auspicious star, the hint which we gave in a late number, to the author of '*The First Locomotive*,' (which has been re-produced by our friends of the Press from distant Maine to far-off Oregon,) has suggested to that entertaining and slyly-sarcastic writer the propriety of responding to our call; and the result is the admirable article which we subjoin. Notice especially, please, the sententious, quiet hit at the absence of all *curiosity* in North-Carolina and Virginia, (save the mark!) and the allusion to the extraordinary curiosity of the deaf lady in Connecticut; a fact which was told to the author, word for word, by Mrs. H——, of Connecticut, the wife of the then Post-master General, at Washington:

'The Dead-Letter Office.

'THIS is an appendage to a part of the General Post-Office at Washington, and must necessarily exist in all countries where a Post-Office Department exists. The management of, and duties performed in, this office, are of the most delicate and confidential character, as may be readily inferred; because to this office are returned all the letters that have failed to be received by the parties to whom they were directed. Every post-office throughout our wide-spread Union, at regular periods, returns all such uncalled-for letters to this Dead-Letter Office, and here, in due course, they are, by law, opened and examined, and if found to contain any thing of value, the same is carefully returned to the source whence it was received, and every care taken to see it through another effort to reach its destination.

'In the first place, the letters uncalled for, at all the various offices about the coun-

try, are accompanied by a list, when sent to this Dead-Letter Office; these lists are carefully compared with the letters, and if found correct, are all carefully entered in a book, and filed away; the letters then pass into the *Opening-Room*, where the seals are broken, and if any thing of value is found in any letter, due entry is made of it, and, as before said, it is carefully put in train for another effort to reach its destination. All the letters here opened, and found to contain nothing of value, are stuffed into bags, and at convenient periods, are taken to a fire prepared for the purpose, in an open field, and burnt. It was formerly the practice to sell these bags and bales of opened letters to the paper-makers; but as this was found liable to abuse, by allowing a morbid or mischievous curiosity to indulge itself in a reëxamination, before grinding the mass into new paper, the burning system is now adopted.

'Of the millions of letters thus annually returned to the Dead-Letter Office, to be opened and examined, the amount of *money* found in them reaches about forty thousand dollars, besides other matters of value — bills of exchange, certificates of deposit, bonds, mortgages, deeds, etc. etc. — all which, with the letters covering them, are disposed of as stated — that is, first carefully recorded in a book, and sent again and again on renewed tours to find their rightful owners. It frequently occurs that some of these *valuables* make three and four additional journeys through the mail-routes to find their lawful owners. In a word, in all the *business* arrangements of this Dead-Letter Office, the system is as accurate and honest and just and as carefully conducted as human wisdom and integrity can devise. On this point I took care to inform myself by actual personal examination; being allowed to do so by the officers and clerks in charge, who all seemed to be and were as strictly checked and counter-checked as skill in arrangement to this end could devise.

'But my curiosity was especially awakened to the process of *opening and reading and examining* the letters, and to this room I will now conduct my readers. It is a locked room, and only entered 'by authority,' and by that authority I entered it. At each side of a table sat, facing each other, two sedate-looking 'fellow-citizens,' with piles of sealed letters between them, and list of same at hand; and at their feet lay piles of *opened* letters, and around in the corners, and against the walls of the room, stood stuffed bags of opened letters, awaiting their turn to be carried to the stake and burned. Here, in this locked room, sit, from morning till night, two or more persons, who alone, in all this country beside, are allowed, 'by law,' to break the sacred seal of letters addressed to others. Letters sealed with wafers — letters sealed with wax — black wax, the emblem of mourning; blue wax, the emblem of love; red wax, which may mean any thing; impressions of 'death's head and hour-glass;' impressions of 'billing doves,' or 'double hearts pierced by an arrow;' mottoes of 'mourn not as those without hope;' 'forget me not;' 'remember me;' 'adieu;' 'God bless you;' impressed on black wax, blue wax, red wax, and holding together the folds of black-edged paper, blue-edged paper, gilt-edged paper, green paper, yellow paper, and all kinds and colors of paper; here, after a fruitless journey, they are all brought together, as it were to await a judgment-day; having been *uncalled for* where they were sent, they came here to be opened by other hands than those who it was fondly but vainly hoped would open them. Here, after *examination*, brief but sure, a few, very few are found worthy to be *saved*, while the many go — down below — thus incontestably proving that 'many are called, but few chosen.'

'And here let us pause a moment; and attempt to measure, if we can, the numerous instances of disappointed hopes, defeated schemes, and crushed wishes, which these masses of uncalled-for letters naturally suggest. Here is one containing a three-dollar bank-bill, sent by a poor mother to her poorer daughter; it is evidently all that could be spared by the parent to a tender offspring who was seriously ill; it contains, also, a

promise of sending a like sum 'next month.' It contains, also, that which, no doubt, to a sick-bed was more precious than money — a parent's blessing! a parent's heart affection! a parent's prayer! Who can say how much of consolation that letter would have furnished to that dying daughter! I say *dying*, because deep apprehension is evidenced by the writer; and as the letter was never *called for*, the inference is that she to whom it was addressed had passed to that world where sickness and sorrow and poverty and suffering are unknown. It is carefully restored to its folds, entered and numbered in a book, and laid aside for a new journey: *it is saved*.

'Here comes one marked, 'most confidential,' and addressed to a newspaper editor. It is signed: 'One who Knows.' What amount of scandal it contains; whose private character is assailed; what schemes, what plots, it dilates on, and develops, 'One who Knows' only knows: it is not 'pre-paid,' and, *of course*, has remained *uncalled for*, and would till dooms-day. Away with it — and down it goes on the floor, at the feet of old broad-brim. And to the next: but why enlarge? they follow in rapid succession: and while contemplating the scene before me, I could not arrest the natural current of the mind, which irresistibly led to the 'seeing herein the hopes of immortality;' for *thus* — measurably — shall we all come, like sealed letters, to the great and final *Dead-Letter Office*, *there* to be opened and examined, (for there all seals and all hearts will be opened,) and those of us who are found to contain any thing *valuable*, will be carefully recorded in a book, and sent, perhaps, upon a new and more certain mail-route to reach our desired destination; while those of us who are found to contain *nothing valuable*, are stuffed promiscuously in bags with like 'unprofitable things,' and 'by law,' consigned to the flames which burn forever and ever. Amen!

'But to return to our subject: there sat our two trusty fellow-citizens, face to face, opening, for the first time since they were closed, the seals of letters. One of these worthies was rather an aged-looking person: how old, or how young, it is difficult to say; for daily office-labor is apt to make the young look old, and *sometimes* the old look young; and at any rate, many never grow too old to quit office; but there he sat, with a lightish-brown broad-brimmed hat on — a quick, sharp eye under a protecting eye-brow; the fore-finger of his right hand seemed worn to a point — a sharp point, too — with a marvellously crooked, nail-joint, giving it the appearance of a designed hook — like Captain CUTTLE's hook, so convenient and so *handy*, that one is left in doubt whether it was born so, or been artificially so ordered; at any rate, say what we may of the ability of Captain CUTTLE's hook, there never was a finger so admirably and naturally 'adapted to the purpose:' no matter how sealed — by wafer, or wax, or both — that finger, or the sharpened point — that finger was *there*, and, in a twinkling the letter was open, and that quick eye was, in an instant, from 'My dearest,' or 'Sir,' or 'Madam,' down to 'Yours, for ever,' or, 'Your obedient servant.'

'Now let us diverge again awhile. You, my dear Sir, who may have written a letter, marked 'most confidential,' and filled its pages with matter you desired no other mortal to see but the one to whom it is addressed; and you, sweet lady, who may have poured your whole heart and soul out upon gilt-edged paper, to be opened and read by one cherished one alone, and would not, for the world, it should be seen by any other mortal eye; for at its close you may have said, 'Burn this, after reading it, I charge you,' (be sure that this last injunction is *the only one* that will be followed;) let me tell you that, with my own eyes, within a brief period, I saw hundreds of letters, which might contain all your secrets, here opened by that sharp, crooked finger, and that sharper and quicker eye glance through and through its foldings. You naturally suppose his curiosity is keenly awakened: he surely can't throw aside without reading that which was of such deep interest to yourself or the party addressed. His object and duty avowedly are, to see if it contains any thing valuable. Well, surely to your mind every

line of that letter is valuable. But calm your fears: nothing contained in any letter, unless it be money, or papers of value, or supposed value, arrests that quick eye for a moment. There is no more curiosity in that man's mind to read and scan what you may have written, than there is in that finger which has opened its seal. He will sit and open and glance at and throw at his feet more letters in one hour than you could read in a week; and when I inquiringly said, 'Why, Sir, you do n't seem to trouble yourself to read much,' his answer was: 'No, Sir, that is not my business; I am only looking for valuables.' And I noticed that whenever a letter contained any inclosure, there was a momentary cessation of movement in that fore-finger; and if the inclosure proved not valuable, away went that finger at the seals again, and the mind, with all its curiosity, relapsed to the one single object of looking sharp for 'valuables,' and nothing more. While gazing at this singular process, I thought to myself what a boundless source of joy and delight it would be to my good cousin, Miss DEBORAH SIPKINS, whose curiosity is so intense she will go through hail and snow, and on a pinch would even risk fire; for she was known once to enter the house of a neighbor, after the flames had driven the firemen out, to see if she could not save (for her own gratification) a bundle of old letters left in a closet in the third story. 'Who knows,' said she, 'but there may be something curious in some of them?' How she would rejoice over the privilege of opening seals in this Dead-Letter Office! and would n't she find on every page, and in every line, something sufficiently valuable to authorize her ('by law,' too) to look closely to it, especially when she came to the list of dead letters returned uncalled for, from the — post-office, Connecticut!

'O my dear cousin! when I think of your laudable curiosity; how you pursue your inquiries of and into your neighbors' affairs through life unto death; and if by accident you have not been 'in at the death,' how you have gone, even unbidden, to the funeral, and crowding into the mourners' room, you have, in consequence of your deafness, inquired in a louder tone than you otherwise would have done, (because you are mild and courteous naturally, and would not harm a sparrow,) 'What in nature killed her so quick? Was it fits, or only cramps? Did you try them patent perpendicular powders? They are mighty good in fits, and cramps, too.' I say, O my dear Cousin DEBORAH! would n't you be up to your knees in clover, if you could only get an appointment to this quiet locked-up room in the Dead-Letter Office? To be sure you would! But on hinting this to my old friend with the broad-brimmed brown hat, sharp finger and sharper eye, he turned up the corner of one eye-brow, and looking at me, with a shake of his head, quaintly remarked: 'I reckon your Cousin DEBORAH would soon find her match in this work.' I am told — but I omitted to inquire into its accuracy, therefore do not entirely rely on my information — that ever since the post-office was established, and under all changes of administration, this particular business of opening letters has been confined to native-born citizens of North-Carolina and Virginia, who were never known to ask questions, or show the slightest curiosity in other people's affairs. They attend to their own, look well to the Constitution and the resolutions of '98, and of late years to 'State rights,' and never ask a white man where he comes from, what he is worth, or where bound; look out for valuables, if they fall in their way; but will not go out of their way to look for them. They believe there is gold in both those States, and are content to let it remain where PROVIDENCE kindly put it. It is as safe there as any where — but this is a digression from the Dead-Letter Office — and here I stop. My design was to quiet my own fears regarding some letters which never came to hand, and to quiet the fears of others who may be similarly situated. Letters, however, which contained nothing valuable — all such containing valuables, I can vouch for, may be found, if they ever reach this Dead-Letter Office; but in regard to all others, be they on subjects of love, politics, state secrets, or family secrets, or any other matter, that sharp

finger has opened them, that sharp eye has simply glanced at them, and never read a word; and, like JOHN ROGERS, (with his nine or ten children and wife as spectators,) they have gone to the stake, and been burned.'

A 'live' letter, from a live source. - - - MRS. S. C. HALL, whose new London Magazine, '*The St. James*,' is fast rising in public favor, has been so fortunate as to secure the following hitherto unpublished lines by the loved and lamented THOMAS HOOD. We sincerely hope his children may have 'more of the same sort' left in their honored father's poetical port-folio. This '*Song of the Lark in the City*' beautifully illustrates the cheerful, loving heart of the writer, and its sweet susceptibility to the influences of nature:

'The rainy mist was hanging low,
Creeping slow —
Creeping along the crowded street,
Dulling the echo of busy feet,
As the throngs passed by in a ceaseless flow,
Hastening, hurrying to-and-fro.

'Overhead was a sky of lead,
Never a glimpse of blue to be seen —
Never a gleam the clouds between —
And my heart sank low with doubt and dread;
And thoughts of the morrow,
Its care and sorrow,
And the toil for daily bread,
Filled my heart with a wild misgiving:
'Without a friend to love or pity,
All alone in this crowded city —
Where is the use of living?'

'Trill — trill — trill!
The song of a lark
Scattered the visions dreary and dark,
And woke my heart with a thrill!
Poor little lark, in its tiny prison,
It chanted its sweet song over and over,
As if it were only newly risen
From the fields of emerald wheat and clover;
And the notes came pouring,
Heavenward soaring —
Up — up — up;
As if the cup
Of its happiness were overflowing,
Out on the hills, with a fresh breeze blowing,
And the sky to eastward redly glowing,
In the bright green country far away,
At the morn of a sunny summer day.

'Sorrow vanished — gloom was banished —
Forgotten the dreary misty weather;
And long leagues off, where the corn was green,
Up in the sun-light's golden sheen,
My heart and the lark were mounting together,
High — high — high
In the bright blue sky!

'Trill — trill — trill!
And cheerily still
The lark, in the midst of the busy city,
Over and over sang its ditty;
Raising my soul like a holy beatitude:
So, with all gratitude,
Cheered and chastened,
Onward I hastened,
Blessing the bird for its merry song,
That haunted my heart the whole day long.'

Our friend G —, of Chicago, who sends us some '*Unpublished Clerical Anecdotes*,' includes therein the following. We first heard it several years ago. 'As we do *guess*,' the place referred to was not *more* than a thousand miles from the city of Rochester, in this State :

'TWENTY-FIVE years ago a flourishing Western (then) city was thrown into a great commotion by the discovery, in digging the foundation of a house, of the bones of a revolutionary patriot whom tradition had buried on or near that spot. The excitement was intense. Hundreds of people rushed to the spot. The bones were carefully taken up and put into a box. A public meeting was called to deliberate as to the proper course of proceeding in this important crisis. It was decided that a great public funeral and interment must take place, in order properly to do honor to the ashes of the valiant dead. The Rev. Dr. —, who wielded 'the pen of a ready writer,' and who was not indisposed to appearance before the people, volunteered to prepare a suitable eulogy. The arrangements were all made; the solemn day arrived; the public schools had holiday; the stores and offices were closed; flags hung with crape stretched across the main street—it was a day long to be remembered. The procession, headed by the city military, marched, by the music of muffled drum, to the large Court-House. An immense audience filled every corner of the building. Brave soldiers, equipped and bayoneted, stood guard around the sacred bones which had been handsomely coffined. The Rev. Doctor stepped forth, and for a whole hour spoke touching words of eulogy over the remains of the honored dead, ending by a striking apostrophe to 'the holy relics of patriotism,' which drew tears to many an eye.

'After the eulogy had been finished, the coffin-lid was partially removed, so that the crowd passing out might see the 'holy relics of patriotism.' They gazed, wiped away their tears, and were satisfied. But by-and-by a plain backwoods-man came along, and looking cautiously and carefully at the bones in the coffin, was apparently disconcerted about something: at last, after examining a bone or two, spoke out as follows: 'A Revolutionary hero: why them's the bones of a bear!' 'Put him out,' 'put him out,' the crowd cried nervously. 'Wa'll,' said he, 'you may put him out or not, as you like; but I say them is bear's bones and nothing else.' A committee of physicians were assembled, and they decided, upon examination, that the bones were those of a bear!'

Ask Bishop WHITEHOUSE, of Illinois, (somebody,) if he knows any thing about that 'Eulogy,' that 'Bear,' and that 'Revolutionary Hero,' and note his reply. - - - We are indebted to our esteemed friend and correspondent, J. B. S., of Memphis, Tenn., where we are glad to perceive the good old Union spirit still lives, for the following lines. We think our readers will agree with us that he has done *justice* to his subject:

'He Wore a Pair of Goggles.

'He wore a pair of goggles the night when first we met,
His dark-grey eye was glowing beneath a wig of jet;
His tones were madly eloquent—he seemed to me a trump,
The grandest patriot I had heard haranguing from a stump:
He swore he loved the UNION—ah! methinks I see him now,
As he trod the shaky platform, with the sweat upon his brow.

'A bandit's garb and trooper's boots when next we met he wore,
And he claimed supreme dominion on the 'Ole Virginny shore.'
He said he loved the UNION with patriotic zeal,
So long as she had dollars, and he a chance to steal;
But then he went SECESSION—methinks I see him now,
A-straddle of his war-horse, grim death upon his brow.

'No bandit's garb or trooper's boots when next we met he wore,
No war-horse pawing in the vale made hill and valleys roar;

But gone his proud dominion, and gone his fair renown,
The leader of secession had 'set his Union down.'
He looked so sad and seedy, such grief was on his brow,
That I loaned him half-a-dollar—I wish I had it now.

'And once again we met—no rebel chief was there,
But in his guise a figure strange was dancing on the air!
It wore his wig and goggles—it *was* great JEFF himself—
He had at last SECEDED, was 'laid upon the shelf.'
I gazed for but a moment, yet methinks I see him now,
The hempen collar on his neck, the black cap on his brow.'

If there are six more men in Memphis with the grit of J. B. S., the city is safe.

In September, 1856, a body of 'Border Ruffians' from Missouri, variously estimated at from fifteen hundred to three thousand, came up toward Lawrence, having taken an oath to burn it to the ground. 'At about four o'clock in the afternoon,' says an actor and an eye-witness, 'we were compelled to give credence to these rumors, for we saw the smoke of Franklin, a little town five miles south-east of Lawrence, curling up toward heaven and mingling with the clouds. Lawrence had not forty armed men to defend it.' How they defended it, one of the defenders has described in these trumpet-tones. They were written by RICHARD REALF :

'The Defence of Lawrence.'

'All night, upon the guarded hill,
Until the stars were low,
Wrapped round as with JEHovah's will,
We waited for the foe.
All night the silent sentinels
Moved by like gliding ghosts;
All night the fancied warning-bells
Held all men to their posts.

'We heard the sleeping prairies breathe,
The forest's human moans,
The hungry gnashing of the teeth
Of wolves on bleaching bones;
We marked the roar of rushing fires,
The neigh of frightened steeds,
And voices as of far-off lyres
Among the river-reeds.

'We were but thirty-nine who lay
Beside our rifles then;
We were but thirty-nine, and they
Were twenty hundred men.
Our lean limbs shook and reeled about,
Our feet were gashed and bare,
And all the breezes shredded out
Our garments in the air.

'Sick, sick at all the woes which spring
Where falls the Southron's rod,
Our very souls had learned to cling
To Freedom as to God:
And so we never thought of fear
In all those stormy hours,
For every mother's son stood near
The awful, unseen powers.

'And twenty hundred men had met,
And sworn an oath of hell,
That ere the morrow's sun had set
Our smoking homes should tell
A tale of ruin and of wrath,
And damning hate in store,
To bar the freeman's western path
Against him evermore.

'They came: the blessed Sabbath-day,
That soothed our swollen veins,
Like God's sweet benediction lay
On all the singing plains:
The valleys shouted to the sun,
The great woods clapped their hands,
And joy and glory seemed to run
Like rivers through the lands.

'They came: our daughters and our wives,
And men whose heads were white,
Rose sudden into kingly lives,
And walked forth to the fight.
And we drew aim along our guns,
And calmed our quickening breath;
Then, as is meet for Freedom's sons,
Shook loving hands with Death.

'And when three hundred of the foe
Rode up in scorn and pride,
Whoso had watched us then might know
That God was on our side;
For all at once a mighty thrill
Of grandeur through us swept,
And strong and swiftly down the hill
Like Gideons we leapt.

'And all throughout that Sabbath-day
A wall of fire we stood,
And held the baffled foe at bay,
And streaked the ground with blood;
And when the sun was very low,
They wheeled their stricken ranks,
And passed on wearily and slow,
Beyond the river-banks.

'Beneath the everlasting stars
We bended child-like knees,
And thanked God for the shining scars
Of his large victories;
And some who lingered said they heard
Such wondrous music pass,
As though a seraph's voice had stirred
The pulses of the grass.'

UNDER the head of '*Shakspeariana*,' our old correspondent, Dr. R. SHELTON MACKENZIE, of the Philadelphia '*Daily Press*,' has been giving some entertaining sketches. Speaking of the celebrated SHAKSPEARE Mulberry-Tree, he says :

'THE executor of his last will, Sir HUGH CLOPTON, sold New Place (SHAKSPEARE'S) to a clergyman named GASTRELL, a man of odd temper, who, disgusted with the authorities of Stratford for what he considered a demand for an excessive borough rate, and annoyed at the number of visitors to the place and the tree, pulled down the house, and cut down the famous mulberry. The *Annual Register*, for 1760, says that the trunk was sold to a silversmith, 'who made many odd things of it for the curious.' It is scarcely too much to say that there are (said to be) in existence as many portions of SHAKSPEARE'S famous mulberry as would suffice, in their unfragmental state, to build a man-of-war. We have seen them in England, Ireland and Scotland ; in France, Belgium and Germany. In the recent BURTON sale, (at New-York, October, 1860,) there were two such relics : namely, two Goblets carved from the mulberry-tree. GARRICK'S cup, from the same material, sold for one hundred pounds sterling, and now belongs, we believe, to the GARRICK Club, London. Major SIRR, the police magistrate of Dublin, also had a mulberry goblet, which sold for seventeen pounds ; and Mr. BRANDON, box-office keeper of Drury-Lane Theatre, possessed one, which brought ten pounds at auction. There is now a pretty large-sized block of SHAKSPEARE mulberry in the British Museum, presented to that institution by the Rev. THOMAS RACKET, one of GARRICK'S executors. The late Mr. BURTON possessed a smaller portion, said to have been lopped from the same block. It is stated, in DAVIES' '*Life of GARRICK*,' that the Reverend Mr. GASTRELL cut down the mulberry-tree, 'because it overshadowed his window, and rendered the house, as he thought, subject to damps and moisture.' The people of Stratford were so offended that they threatened personal vengeance on the offender, who had to hide himself from their wrath, and finally to quit the town forever, the inhabitants vowing that they would never suffer any person of his name to live in Stratford.

'Mr. DAVIES records that a carpenter purchased the tree, and cut it into various shapes : such as small trunks, snuff-boxes, tea-caddies, standishes, tobacco-stoppers, etc. The Corporation of Stratford, in admiration of GARRICK, as a histrionic illustrator of SHAKSPEARE, presented him with the freedom of their borough, inclosed in a handsomely-carved box, made out of this sacred wood. Out of this compliment arose the famous SHAKSPEARE Jubilee in 1769, which set Stratford out of its wits with joy and enthusiasm. GARRICK, who had a keen eye to business, reproduced the Jubilee at Stratford upon the stage of Drury Lane Theatre, and the representation had a profitable run of one hundred nights.'

SPEAKING of BURTON'S specimens of the celebrated SHAKSPEARE mulberry-tree always reminds us of the gentleman who brought to the 'Mulberry Festival,' on one occasion, some of the *bark* of the famous relic. 'Are you *sure* that this is authentic?' asked the late JOHN KEESE, holding the fragment reverently in his hand. '*Sure* of it?—certainly, Sir.' 'Ah!' said JOHN : 'I did n't know that you might not have '*barked*' up the wrong tree!' - - - ON Rainsford Island, in Boston Harbor, is a State Hospital, where those who cannot help themselves through sickness are provided for by the Government. A little burial-yard is thick with unhonored dead ; no stone, no written word to recall their memories. But one quaint and queer old fellow is 'noticed' by a friend, who has cut in the solid rock the following simple tale :

'In a box,
By these gray rocks,
Lies PETER Cox,
Dead of small-pox.'

'*A Picture of Life*' has melody and merit, but we do not altogether like the sentiment: it is too gloomy, too down-hearted. The world, to be sure, is not all flowers and sunshine, yet it is a very good world, after all. The tone and manner of this sad, almost sobbing, effusion, may be gathered from the ensuing stanzas:

'Not a ray of sunshine, stealing
O'er life's way,
Sheds its warm and genial healing
Through the day.

'Night and sleep bring only sorrow,
No sunbeams:
*Living through the dark to-morrow,
In my dreams.*

'Can it be, because I'm weary
That I weep?
Oh! this world has been so dreary,
Let me sleep!

'Hark! I hear sweet, gentle voices,
Strangely clear;
Hush! my spirit now rejoices —
They are near.'

There is, to our conception, a very beautiful thought embodied in the lines which we have italicised. - - - '*The Little Birdie*,' written by TENNYSON, for our friend Mr. DEMPSTER, the eminent Scottish vocalist, is one of those little gems of feeling and fancy, for which his graceful Muse is so remarkable: and when we add, that Mr. DEMPSTER has placed this gem in a musical 'setting' which is every way worthy of it, we have said all that need be said in its praise:

'WHAT does little birdie say
In her nest at peep of day?
Let me fly, says little birdie,
Mother, let me fly away.
Birdie, rest a little longer,
Till the little wings are stronger.
So she rests a little longer,
Then she flies away.

'What does little baby say,
In her bed at peep of day?
Baby says, like little birdie,
Let me rise and fly away.
Baby, sleep a little longer,
Till the little limbs are stronger.
If she rests a little longer,
Baby, too, shall fly away.'